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O'Connell & the Wesleyans,
by M'Affee, 1839.

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O'CONNELL AND THE WESLEYANS.

THE CALUMNIES, FALSEHOODS, AND RELIGION

OF

O'CONNELL EXPOSED,

THE QUERIES PROPOSED BY HIS SON MAURICE, SATISFACTORILY
ANSWERED, AND

PROTESTANTISM DEFENDED,

IN SEVEN LETTERS.

THE LAST OF WHICH IS NOW PUBLISHED FOR THE FIRST TIME,

WITH

BABYLON FALLEN,

A POEM IN 32 STANZAS.

BY

DANIEL M'AFEE,

WESLEYAN MINISTER.

“Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils. Speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron; forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats.”—1. TIM. iv. 1.—3.

CORK:

(PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,)

BY PURCELL & SON, 88, PATRICK STREET.

1839.

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TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., M. P.

SIR,

For many years past I have looked upon you as the most extraordinary personage of this or any other age. You say you are the best abused public person now living. Satan himself may say the same, because, like him, there is something about you very extraordinary, and different from common men and common fiends. I wish to do you justice, and give, according to the common saying, even Satan himself his due. Every circumstance has hitherto combined to distinguish you from your fellows, and you have possessed sufficient qualifications and tact to press them into your service. You got yourself returned to sit in Parliament before your legal disabilities were removed; you undoubtedly could have been returned for more places of late years than any man that ever sat in the British senate; you have gathered up more priestly influence around you than any other layman ever had; you have swayed the destinies of Ireland for years back; you hold the present government in leading strings; you have caused Popery to lift up her head, not only in Ireland but throughout the world; you have levied a tax, through the agency of the Priests and your votaries, off the starving poor of Ireland, so that Rome has been fleeced of her Peter-pence year after year, and you have been emphatically but truly denominated the "big beggarman"; you sold the Catholic cause in 1825, according to the charge of honest Jack Lawless against you, by attaching the wings to the bill—the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders and the payment of the priests; and yet you have had the adroitness to make all the several parties believe you are perfectly disinterested in taking the money of a famishing population; no man cried out more loudly than you against rotten boroughs; and yet you sold, if report be true, the county of Carlow for one thousand pounds; you enticed, by your agents at the Kerry election, a poor peasant to vote for your son Maurice, against the interests of his landlord, and when turned out of his farm, you refused him the smallest sum out of the money then in the funds of your association to relieve him, although the application was signed by several of the most respectable of your adherents in Tralee. On that occasion it was thought your covetousness triumphed over every principal of gratitude. Surely you are a very extraordinary character indeed! In my judgment you are en-

titled to a particular notice in the next edition of "Wanley's Wonders." He gives a list, and short history, of 250 of the Popes, among the marvellous and extraordinary beings of the human family. Your name should stand in the next section to theirs; and as you are now a bachelor, and one even in divinity too, I would recommend you to get a Cardinal's hat. You might then attain even to the Popedom, and be the Man of Sin complete. You have every extraordinary qualification even for this. You know law, civil and ecclesiastical; you are acquainted with politics and intrigue; you can bless with the one breath and anathematise with the other; you would then be as infallible, when you utter the grossest lies as when you speak the truth; you would then have it in your power to curse the bishops, the Wesleyan Methodists, and all the editors of Conservative papers; you could then publish a new and infallible edition of the Scriptures with M'Namara's notes, leaving out all the texts which denounce liars as the sons of perdition; and in fact, you might summon up all your former assumption, effrontery, pride, scorn, malignity, ingratitude, and vile vituperation, and merit a niche at last beside some of the chief monsters in the 250 already mentioned; while every priest in the world would say a mass for your soul, in proof that his holiness the Pope is the greatest sinner in the world, being "the Man of Sin," himself. This should be your ambition, Sir, for you are an extraordinary man—you are noted above all others for a versatility of talent in abusing both the living and the dead; and for a loose, pliable kind of mock morality, which falsifies truth, distorts or denies the plainest facts, and so religionises sin that if the author of sin himself came in search of it, he could scarcely recognise his own child. It is no marvel, then, that you libel the character of Wesley and his followers, His spirit in his children, the fruit of his abundant labours, and the system which he established, stand as a strong portion of that Protestant bulwark which you will never be able to overturn. You may fret and rage, and shake your tail, but like the Irish wolf dog, you will soon become extinct, even in your species; for the Bible will yet destroy your superstitions, and waste the very substance on which Popery lives.

You, Sir, have had the audacity to invite the Wesleyans, and, of course, myself among the rest, to "the reasonable, and therefore entire submission" to the Popish church. What, Sir! would you have us leave our father's house, and go along with the prodigal, to feed swine and live on the husks of Popish superstitions? Would you have us to renounce the bread and water of life, to live on "Latin masses and a wafer God? Would you have us to renounce the scriptures for the *ignis fatuus* of tradition? Would you have us to abandon the worship of the true God, through the only Mediator Jesus Christ, to worship a dead saint, a senseless crucifix, a picture on a wall, or a deity whose substance grew in a field, was ground in a mill, was formed by the hand, and was transubstantiated, forsooth! by the *hocus pocus* of a priest, who perhaps, the night before the act of consecration, could not distinguish the difference between a wafer and a shilling? Would you have us to forsake the society and friendship of the true and Heavenly Church, which is clothed with the Sun of Righteousness and crowned with the stars of Apostolic beauty, and become the deluded varlets of the scarlet-coloured lady, who is bedecked with every earthly trumpery, drunk with the blood of the saints, and still

stands forth with "mystery, Babylon the great," written on her forehead? Let all the Popes be moulded into a head, all the Bishops and Priests into a body, all the Monks, Friars, Jesuits, into legs and arms, and all the vestments of the whole tribe be formed into a cloak, and the Mother of Harlots will stand confessed before us! and is it to this monstrous production you invite our submission? Surely you are in joke. No, no, Mr. O'Connell; if you be a dupe, we are not to be deceived. Her bloated face frightens us, her grim countenance makes us shudder, her voice hisses like a rattlesnake, her breath smells of the upas tree, and her colour reminds us of Smithfield, and the bloody tragedy of 1641, while we can perceive the end of a bundle of faggots under her cloak, with a match dipped in turpentine in her unlady-like hand.

You, Sir, invite us to the benefits of the true, ancient, and Apostolic Religion—to the "CHURCH of GOD." Vain, silly, deceived, imaginative man! Why, Sir, your church, so called, is no church of God. It is only a congregation of sinners, dressed in the costume of heathenism, judaism, and christianity—a mere patch-work of rites and ceremonies. One simple fact unchurches you. From 1216, when transubstantiation was finally established, the true sacrament of the body and blood—the bread and wine—has not been *once administered* in your church. You never got it—you are no christian at all. The Priests take wine themselves, being doomed by the providence of God thus to bear witness to the truth of Protestantism and the falsity of their own scheme. You have departed from the genuine, ancient faith—your church has crept out of the very shell of christianity, and brought nothing along but the slime of superstition. Now to the proof. It is just at hand, and mind you, Mr. O'Connell, it admits of no dispute. It is "clear as the sun." It describes your one, holy, catholic and apostolic church. Take it in your own version. It will gall you; I cannot help that. "Now, the *Spirit* manifestly saith, that in the *last times* some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to *spirits of error* and *doctrines of devils*. *Speaking lies in hypocrisy*, and having their conscience seared. *Forbidding to marry*, to *abstain from meats*, which God created to be received with thanksgiving by the faithful, and by them that have known the truth." See 1st Tim. iv. 1.—3. Now, Sir, in imitation of your own minute and peculiar manner, I observe,

Firstly, That this text is taken from the Rhemish Testament, "published by the English College of Rheims, Anno 1582: newly revised and corrected according to the Clementin edition of the scriptures; with annotations for clearing up controversies in religion and other difficulties of holy writ."

Secondly, The note on the passage now in question says, that the apostle speaks "of the *Gnosticks*—the *Manicheans* and other *ancient hereticks*, who *absolutely* condemned marriage, and all kinds of meats."

Thirdly, This *infallible* note is either right or wrong. If it be right, then the *Church of Rome* is *heretical* for following the *example* of these *ancient hereticks*, inasmuch as the *clergy* are *forbidden to marry*, and the *whole church* commanded to *abstain from meats*. If infallibility, however, is here wrong for once, seeing *ancient hereticks* could not live in the "*last times*"—unless the doctrine of transmigration be true, and the souls of the ancient Gnostics and Manicheans and other hereticks now actuate the

pope, bishops, and priests—it incontestibly follows, that the Church of Rome has “*departed from the faith*” and teaches “*doctrines of devils*.” Now, Sir, you may take one or other of these alternatives—to the horns of this dilemma I suspend you; and you may hang bleaching in the winds of heaven, until John of Tuam, whose *lignum sacordotale* was dug out of some Irish bog, or Father Tom Maguire, the slain by Mr. Gregg, or the wicked jesuit who furnished you with the batch of lies about John Wesley comes to cut you down. In the mean time, I am amusing myself with this thought about transmigration of souls. Which of the ancients now actuates you? Undoubtedly, *Simon Magus*. He was a great layman; so are you. He bewitched the people with his sorceries; so do you with your blarney. He was a “big beggarman;” so are you. He wanted to purchase the Holy Spirit with money; so do you, when you go to a priest for pardon. He professed to be a christian; so do you. He had “neither lot nor part in the matter;” neither have you. The Apostle exhorted him to pray to God for repentance; I exhort you. Hence, you must, if transmigration be true, be *that very Simon—Simon Magus*.

Fourthly, The passage now in question is taken from the *Clementin* edition of the Latin Vulgate, revised and corrected by his infallible hand. This is the pure, correct, and *infallible* translation *last made* with corrections. Pray, Sir, why did you permit that Jesuit who furnished you with the libels on John Wesley to make a fool of you in your old age, in relation to the Latin Vulgate! You make a parade of reading which is not your own, of would-be scholarship about what you are evidently ignorant of; and, strutting around in borrowed plumes, it is soon discovered you are nothing but a mere screech owl, whose eyes neither admit the light of true information, nor religion. Were you not aware (no; the Jesuit kept that out of your brief) that the old hypocrite and tyrant, Pope Sextus the V. published a correct edition of the Vulgate, in 1590, cursing the brains, lips, teeth, hands, fingers, nose and hair of him who would ever presume to alter the *least particle* of it; and that in 1592, Clementin came in for the curse, by making 2,000 variations, some of whole verses, and several quite contradictory, and published the work accompanied by an anathema, more dreadful if possible than that of Sextus?—On this point I might here say more, only, I am aware, you have fallen into the ablest hand in the empire—that of Mr. M’Ghee on this subject. From his chastisement you cannot escape. Why now find fault with the Manchester Educational Committee, or the Wesleyans generally, for a repugnance on our part to admit a translation falsified in many things by infallible imposters? Why blame us for not wishing state support—public money, to a body of men calling themselves a church, and yet, according to their own Clementin edition, they are teaching “doctrines of devils!” could we act in this way without renouncing christianity itself?

Fifthly, This passage now under consideration furnishes us with a clue to account for the many lies contained in your letters. The church which forbids her priests to marry, and commands her members to abstain from meats, is a lying church. “Speaking lies in hypocrisy,” for wordly and political ends. She lies in calling herself one, holy, catholic, apostolic and infallible. Here are five lies in rank and file. She lies in substituting tradition for the Word of God; in pretending to absolve from sins; in

making seven sacraments instead of two ; in imposing upon the sense and reason by transubstantiations and in causing her votaries to worship the host ; images and pictures. Here are five lies more. She lies in teaching the doctrine of justification by works ; in granting indulgences, aye, even for "perjury" (see the resolutions of the Committee, which galled you so much ;) in her will-worship of saints and angels ; in teaching her abominable doctrine of purgatory, whereby she detracts from the virtue of Christ's blood ; and in her penances, which do away with the atonement. Here are five lies more ; and if we take into account her mummeries, her ceremonies, her holy-water, beads, crosses, Agnus Deis, censors, incense, mock miracles (recollect Hohenloe, Miss Lalor and Mrs. Stewart), and the endless variety of her relics, we shall have an accumulation of varnished lies, such as would put the religion of Budhu to shame in point of magnitude, weight and quality. It is evident, then, Sir, your church has departed from the faith in these, "*last times*." To me it is not extraordinary, then, no not in the least, that you should belie, and bespatter, and pour out the filth of your corrupt heart and imagination on the character and memory of the truly venerable Wesley. Your very first religious impressions were lies. You got them in the nursery ; they have been identified with your very being ; they have been fostered by your circumstances ; and it is become as natural for you to deal in misrepresentations as it is to breathe. Who would expect candour and truth from O'Connell ? Not even your friends. You denied the death's head and cross bones before the nation, though you used the expression in the presence of thousands, many of whom I know, who heard you. Let it astonish no man, if you should, ere long, deny some paragraph in your own letters to the Wesleyans, and say it was foisted in by some Tory printer.

You boast of your letter being unanswerable, and evidently feel at the same time wounded to the soul at the summary manner in which you were treated by the committee in Manchester. That resolution about the perjury stung your callous heart ; it brought the blood to your face at the first reading. No doubt it made you cross yourself, and tell your beads half a dozen times. From that charge you have no resource but in your effrontry before the world, and from your church in your secret meditations. She cannot remit your sin, if there were no other reason but her having so many of her own. But you say your "letter is unanswerable." Who told you so ? Why, "some protestant gentlemen gave it as their opinion that it could not be answered." Pray was Owen of Lanark one of them ? Was Mr. Hume another ? or did you consult some of the Birmingham rioters to gain a Protestant opinion ? Sir, no genuine Protestant in the empire ever said so. He has been what we call a "kilm-dried one," who holds the Book of Common Prayer in one hand, Paine's Age of Reason in the other, and carries the host in his mouth at the same time.

I come now to the easiest part of my task, namely, to notice your charges, and point out your falsehoods, as it regards the Wesleyans.

1. You charge us with "being inveterate enemies of freedom of conscience." How can you say so, when we have through evil report and good report, been preaching deliverance from the guilt and tyranny of sin, through faith in the blood of Christ, for the last century ? Even in Ireland, for the last 80 years past, God has made us instrumental in liberating the consciences

of many hundreds of Roman Catholics, not only from the guilt of sin, but from the oppressions of Popery. Sir, you have touched on an important point, in talking about freedom of conscience. I feel obliged to you for the subject. What freedom of conscience is among the poor Priest-ridden Papists of Ireland? Does it consist in selling the last hen and her eggs to pay the Priest for his mock pardon, or in their own estimation be damned to all eternity? Does it consist in having their iniquity exposed publicly from the altar, if the Priest is not paid his dues? What liberty of conscience did the poor woman possess, who in the county of Wicklow was sentenced by the Priest to go round an old ruined chapel at the silent hour of 12 o'clock at night, because he discovered that she read the new testament? What liberty of conscience did the poor people possess, who on various occasions, when listening to Ousley and others preaching in the streets, have been subjected to the lash of the Priest's whip, while it cut and sounded like that of a negro driver? You talk of liberty of conscience, forsooth! What is this but a strumpet boasting of her virtue? No man knows better than you do, that the Papist's liberty of conscience is carried in the Priest's pocket. He is to such the town clock, and hence no man dare carry a watch or exercise his private judgment. Why talk of liberty of conscience in a church which denies the right of private judgment in religion? There cannot possibly be any such thing among you.

2. But you say we "are enemies to religious liberty." What do you mean? I cannot understand you. Do we prevent the circulation of the Scriptures among the Irish peasantry? The Priests do; not we. Do we at any time disturb the established clergy, even in the sanctuary of the dead, while performing the rites of Christian burial? Your *finest pisintry* upon the face of the earth do; not we. This is the work of "the beloved black feet and white feet." Do we curse from the altar, those fathers, mothers, or guardians, who, under any circumstances, would send their children to a Protestant school? The priests do; not we. When you, Sir, popped on your knees in the gutter at Ennis, during the time of your first election, to receive the benediction of a Popish bishop, did we interfere? Not at all; we only laughed at your hypocrisy. You may worship the Virgin Mary from morning till night, dip your legal wig in holy water, thump your breast at a holy well, hang a rag on the adjoining bush, hurl and dance after Mass, or during its service fall on your face to a crucifix stuck on the wall, and after all hold a political meeting within the precincts of the chapel and receive your pocketful of "the tribute," and not one of us will ever intermeddle or endeavour to prevent you. No, no, Mr. O'Connell; we will only pity your ignorance, abhor your folly and sin, pray for your deliverance from the worst thing connected with you, namely, your religion; and try simply to hinder you from forcing the Host into our mouth, dragging us to Mass with a halter round our neck, and fire faggot at our tails.

3. But we are equal enemies to "civil liberty." Stop, Mr. O'Connell, who told you so? The Jesuit: never mind him; mind me. Go, ask the negroes in the West Indies, who contributed most to their liberty? Who sent in the greatest number of petitions to parliament. Certainly the Wesleyans as a body. How many came from "the hereditary bondsmen" of Ireland? Less than from any other party in the empire, How do you

account for this? I account for it thus : you are the greatest clamourers for liberty to yourselves in the wide world, because you have the disposition, and claim the right to make all others slaves to you. Slavery is consonant to the very genius of Popery. What are your notions of civil liberty? A liberty to trample on your neighbours—a liberty for the mob to raise demagogues like you on their shoulders—a liberty for the Tipperary Ribbonmen to murder all who consent to pay tithes or even rent, if they disapprove of it—a liberty for the priests to rule this country through you, and raise their wicked ecclesiastical law above the civil. Here is your aim throughout the empire : and if we are defaulters in not assisting you, you may fault St. John and not us, who shews that the church rising above the secular powers is the mother of harlots, riding on the beast.

4. But, "John Wesley was one of the principal founders or managers of that protestant association, which in June, 1780, raised a rebellion in London, &c." How is this to be answered? Very promptly. It is a *flat, clumsy, ill-digested, and monstrous falsehood*—a mere popish pasquinade—an O'Connellite, written with a front of brass, and a "conscience seared with a hot iron." No man but Simon Magus could advance this. You might as well assert that John Wesley was father Halligan, who in the massacre of 1641, confessed his congregation, gave them absolution for the crime not yet perpetrated, and sent them hot from the altar to murder every protestant, man, woman and child who came in their way. You might as readily assert, Sir, that John Wesley, put the torch to Scullabogue barn, during the late rebellion, when it was filled with protestants, who thus suffered by popish cruelty and treachery. You might as readily attempt to make the nation believe that he was the bloody associate of Gardiner and Bonner, two infallibles of your church in the days of brutal Queen Mary. The history and character of Mr. Wesley, are too well known for you to tarnish his fame. Where are your proofs? You cannot produce them. I know right well the ground on which you tread. Father O'Leary and Mr. Wesley at that time had a controversy. O'Leary, like a true son of his lying mother, charged Mr. Wesley with plunder, chapel burning, raising the mob, and all manner of evil of his own invention. Nay, more, he published a forged letter, with Mr. Wesley's name to it, and his own reply in relation to that accusation. You lay hold on the forgery, and after O'Leary has gone to his reward, you rake up his roguery and wickedness, and father it on Mr. Wesley. The annals of the world cannot furnish a piece of greater insolence than this. It is barefaced, unblushing impudence, which can only be repelled with the scorn and indignation of every man who has any regard for truth. The name of Wesley, Sir, will live when your's is written in the dust; and his followers will constitute a section of the universal church, when your Popes, Bishops, Priests, Friars, and Church itself, shall have melted away like the snow in Spring.

A word or two respecting your representation of Mr. Wesley's creed and changes in religion, and I have done. Every body knows, that though Mr. Wesley received religious information from the Moravians, and especially from Peter Bohler, yet he never was a Moravian. Neither was he at any time an Antinomian or a Calvinist of any kind. When Mr. Wesley speaks of himself as being a Papist, in his early proceedings, he only

means, that he sought salvation by works and not by faith ; and that he was ignorant, self-righteous, unconverted, and destitute of the true scriptural plan of salvation. He never invented, as you state, two modes of justification—one without repentance and the other with it. He never taught, as you aver, either in whole or in part, that all must be damned who come under your three categories. The whole of what you have written on this point contains this truth and nothing more, that Mr. Wesley in his search after true inward religion, increased by degrees in knowledge ; as you did in the study of the law. And now, Sir, do you think the public are such fools as to fancy for a moment, that you took the trouble of reading Mr. Wesley's works, in sixteen volumes octavo, Mr. Fletcher's in ten or twelve, and the Centenary volume, that you might be able to give to the public a fair statement of his opinions and doctrines. There is not a man in the empire believes this, or that you took any pains whatever. The general opinion, is that which I have advanced—that some Priest or Jesuit furnished you with the raw materials, and you arranged them in form, and sent them forth to the world as your own. I know Mr. Wesley's works and the progress of his opinions, and I have now no hesitation in saying, that the paragraphs on this point, in your letter, are wilful, conscious, deliberate falsehoods. In fact, this part of your letter above all others defies criticism. You had abundant evidence before you in Wesley's works " clear as the sun."—You have not only distorted but invented. That part of your letter relating to his religious views and conduct, exhibits as lamentable a picture of ignorance, impudence, falsehood, bare-faced distortion, unmanly and satanic perversion of truth, as ever was presented to the human eye in the same compass of words, not only since the invention of printing, but since the foundation of christianity.

In conclusion, I would just say, Sir, that had you not invited us to submit to your Church, and spoken of Her as " the pillar and ground of the truth," it is very likely I would not have noticed you ; I would have acquiesced in the dignified, summary, and judicious resolutions of the Manchester Educational Committee ; I would have left the history, character, and creed of Wesley, to speak for themselves, knowing that all stand too high for you to touch, much less to tarnish. You entered into controversy once with the Rev. Robert Daly on transubstantiation. I read your letter It was

A specimen rare, upon the whole,
Of the figure of speech called rigmorole,
For it hath no body, much less a soul.

It was a piece of unmixed balderdash from beginning to end. Come, now, if you please try your hand with me. Fix on any doctrine you choose : any in this letter ; and I pledge myself to demonstrate it to be " a doctrine of devils." Keep to 1 Tim. iv. 1.—3. Get out of the dilemma if you can. I now defy you. You cannot. If so the whole controversy is decided ; your Church is a false church, and has departed from the faith.

I am, Sir, a Wesleyan Minister, who repels your invitation with christian indignation.

DANIEL M'AFEE.

Cork, August 8, 1839.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SOUTHERN REPORTER.

Killarney, August 11th 1839.

SIR,—In the *Constitution or Cork Advertiser* of yesterday's date, I have read a letter addressed to my father, purporting to be the production of a "Mr. Daniel M'Afee," a Wesleyan Minister, residing in Cork. I do not mean to deny Mr. M'Afee's right—if he thinks proper—to enter into controversy with my father; on the contrary, while I cannot but pity his folly, I must admire his audacity. His epistle is valuable thus far, that it shows that my father's late letter to the Wesleyan gentry at Manchester—the Riggles, Woodses, &c.—has had the effect of inducing, at least, one zealous minister of their profession, to come forward and show his contempt for their resolutions, by entering into open controversy, on matters, the discussion of which, by persons of his class, the aforesaid resolutions were intended to prohibit. But, Sir, Mr. Daniel M'Afee has introduced my name into his manifesto after the following fashion :—

"You" (meaning my father) "enticed by your agents at the Kerry Election, a poor man, to vote for your son Maurice, against the interests of his landlord, and when turned out of his farm, you refused him the smallest sum out of the money then in the funds of your Association, to relieve him, although the application was signed by several of the most respectable of your adherents in Tralee."

Now, let me call upon Mr. Daniel M'Afee simply to state—

1st.—At what Election was I a candidate for Kerry? for so I must translate the term "Kerry Election."

2ndly,—Waiving that point, at which of the elections for Tralee, where I was a candidate, did the case he alludes to occur?

3rdly.—The name of this "poor peasant," and of the landlord "against whose interests he voted," and who consequently "turned him out of his farm"—as also, in what part of the borough of Tralee said farm is situate.

Until Mr. Daniel M'Afee states the name of the man—and of the landlord by whom he was ejected, I shall hold him guilty of a base slander on the conservative gentry of Tralee. They have always strenuously opposed me; I believe they are ready to do so on any future occasion; but I most willingly do them the justice of saying, that I never heard of any such act of civil oppression on their part as that which Mr. Daniel M'Afee has asserted. And now, mark, I pray you, how admirable an advocate for freedom of conscience this man must be. He condemns not the conduct of his imaginary landlord. He would have allowed his poor peasant, at the bidding of any landlord, to have prostituted his conscience for the base motive of wordly lucre. The freedom from perjury of the man's immortal soul did not interest him; it is only into the condition of his breeches' pocket that Mr. M'Afee condescends to inquire. If I am to guess at Mr. M'Afee's country from his name, he ought to be the native of a land whose children are proverbially cautious and prudent. Whether he has observed that caution in one part of his lucubration, I leave your readers to judge. As for the remainder of the production, the reply thereunto rests with the person to whom he has addressed it.

I have the honor to be, Sir, your faithful Servant,

MAURICE O'CONNELL.

TO MAURICE O'CONNELL, Esq. M.P. FOR TRALEE.

SIR,—I was puzzled a little, whether I could address this letter to you, to your father, or to the editor of the *Cork Constitution*. I felt a repugnance at first, to notice you in this form, because I consider you rather an insignificant kind of man—without any talent to distinguish you, and almost entirely worthless as it regards the borough of Tralee, and the official duties of parliament. I should rather think, several, even of your friends, are beginning to feel as I do. There are two kinds of weather—wet and dry—which must keep your inefficiency before their eyes. You know, Sir, that in a fine, dry, sunny day, the nearest way from Tralee to Blennerville, is by the banks of the canal, or rather an immense rut about an English mile long. It is impossible for any one to view it unfinished, and now constituting a nuisance, without saying or thinking—“these O’Connells can talk and bluster, and make fair speeches; but what have they done? ‘This canal so called, has remained for years in this state, and it would seem, that as far as they are concerned, it must remain so for ever.” And then when the flood comes rolling down from that hilly region, your worthlessness is not only seen but felt, by the inhabitants of Tralee. For want of improvement the streets get flooded, and this oftener than in other places, and are proverbial for the bad state in which they generally are. What then have you done in relation to one or other of these things? Had not a mistake of mine, which I will soon notice, afforded you the opportunity of appearing before the public, your constituents could scarcely tell whether you were living or dead. From these considerations, my impression at first was, that I should not address you; but on reading your letter a second time, I found you to be the son of your father—you exhibit the same pride, bigotry, contempt, misrepresentation, and uncandid, shifting, wriggling spirit in miniature, which he has displayed at large before the world. Give you the same versatility of talent to develope it fully, and the evil passions of corrupt nature would appear in you as they do in him. You evidently approve of his lies and his slander, and thereby make them your own. As it is his spirit, and not individuals merely, which I oppose, I cannot be wrong therefore in addressing you, for at any rate I am engaged in resisting the arch fiend—the spirit which works, and especially through popery, in the children of disobedience. You say, Sir, in the commencement of your letter, “while I cannot but pity his folly, I must admire his audacity.” So, then, it is great folly in me to enter the list of controversy with your father! Wonderful man that he is! a lawyer, a statesman, a mere popish harlequin, who comes forth to arouse the public with his lying antics, that he may prepare the way for the begging-box, and for emptying the pockets shortly of our deluded countrymen. Surely, Sir, there was no folly in David’s throwing a stone at the vaunting Goliath of Gath, for it struck him in the forehead; and there can be little folly, indeed, in my resisting Simon Magus now, as Protestant Peter did of old. The devil was resisted from the beginning, and yet he is as wicked and persevering in evil now, as he was at any former time. Your father, no doubt, will follow his example; but this forms no reason why he also should not be resisted. You need not therefore pity my folly in trying to do a hopeless work. But it is also in your estimation great “audacity.”

You admire this. You think I have spirit and boldness. Why should I not? Though I am not from "the land of mountain and of flood," as you infer "I ought to be" from my name, yet I was born within sight of it, in the province of Ulster, and, to tell you the plain truth, I have no doubt but some of my ancestors assisted John Knox to break the graven images in Scotland at the time of the reformation. Sir, I am an Irishman as well as you, but fortunately I happened to be bred in a place in which, within a circle of twelve miles round, you could not fill a mass-house. Does this account for my spirit and boldness? Not entirely, I have read my Bible; I have submitted to its authority and imbibed its spirit. Nay more, for years I have been familiarly acquainted with the history, doctrines, spirit, practices and iniquity of Popery. I have marked its deceit, falsehood, superstitions and tyranny in the south and west of my country. I have seen all its spirit, attributes, lying and varnished iniquity, embodied in your father as a public man. I have compared it with the Bible; and the Scriptures have taught me to hate it, as they would have me to hate sin and Satan. I may, it is true, be of a different spirit from some good natured, easy-going kind of Protestants, that, in this age of liberality, would blush to contradict Satan himself. In addressing your father I have shown something of Paul's spirit, when he said to Elymas the sorcerer, who belonged to the Magus family—"O! full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil—thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord?" There is nothing, therefore, remarkable in my spirit and boldness. It is the spirit of the apostles and martyrs—of the reformers and patriots—the true patriots, that love this country, not for the sake of its luxuriant plains and its beggar's pence; but because the souls of its inhabitants, bought with a Saviour's blood, are cheated with Popish lies, and kept in the thralldom of sin, by roguish priests and self interested demagogues. I proceed, Sir, to answer your queries. Here you will find me an honest man—no Popish shuffling—no Jesuitry—no want of candour. I glory in being the opposite of your father. You now shall have a distinct answer.

1st—"At what election was I candidate for Kerry?" In my letter to your father I alluded to the election of 1835. In that I said "your son Maurice," instead of "your nephew Morgan." I thought you at that time were the member for the county. You will forgive this mistake, seeing there are so many O'Connells now thrust into parliament through priestly influence, that any man who does not keep a list of the family is liable to confound the Maurices and the Morgans. I confess that in this case I became a priest for once; for I transubstantiated you into Morgan and Morgan into you; and yet, you are the identical Mr. Maurice O'Connell still (and not Morgan) that you were before—I put you into the county instead of the borough. Think on this for a little; and, perhaps, I may make a convert of you. You cannot be transubstantiated into Morgan, simply because Morgan exists; and the wafer cannot possibly be transubstantiated into Christ's body, simply because it exists—and existed in heaven for 1,800 years before even the grain of that wafer grew in a field. Don't you think now that the priest is a fool for indulging such a fancy, and a knave for teaching it? But then he is infallible, and hence his lies are all truth?

2dly—"At which of the elections for Tralee, where I was a candidate, did the case he alludes to occur?" The election was for the county, not for the borough, and hence I should have said Morgan and not you. It was the election of 1835.

3dly—The name of his "poor peasant," and of the landlord "against whose interests he voted," and who "consequently turned him out of his farm." This now is the great point. Here you fancied you had a triumph; but the triumph of the wicked is short. You thought, forsooth, that I had brought a false charge against your father, simply because I confounded your name with that of Morgan O'Connell. It is my business now to substantiate it, and bring it against him with tenfold force. I am sure he will not commend you for a great stock of Scotch, or even Irish prudence, for interfering. From the cautious manner in which you propose the question, I am strongly inclined to think, that you knew the case right well, and that you have taken this plan to lead away from the main point in hand, namely, the charge of hard-heartedness, and ingratitude, which I brought against your selfish father. A cracked brick or a broken slate, according to O'Connell's judgment, would be quite sufficient to condemn a most substantial building, or make the world believe it has no existence. This, however, will not do. The fact of your father's cupidity, unthankfulness, and want of charitable feeling, remains where I placed it—unaltered. I said to him, "You enticed by your agents, at the Kerry election, a poor man to vote for your nephew Morgan, (now I am correct) against the interest of his landlord, and when turned out of his farm, you refused him the smallest sum out of the money then in the funds of your association, to relieve him, although the application was signed by several of the most respectable of your adherents in Tralee." Here is a condensed statement of a fact, the circumstances of which I conceived it unnecessary to detail in my letter to your father, You have now called upon me publicly to do so, or you will "hold me guilty of a base slander on the conservative gentry of Tralee"—that is, you will place me on the same pedestal with your father, whom I heard slander, satirise, and abuse them from the balcony of the chamber of commerce in Tralee. I cannot help here mentioning another fact, as I pass along, in connexion with slander and satanic wickedness of the meanest, basest, and lowest bred order, that I ever heard attributed to your father, during his career of malevolence and lying. His own cousin, Priest Connor, wrote, at the heels of the same election, a libellous production against the character of an inhabitant of Tralee—a man of as upright principles and character as any other in Ireland, and one who was and is esteemed by the peasantry as a very honest man, which is their highest commendation in point of trade. His business principally lay with them. The libel appeared in the *Tralee Mercury*. This person's trade was injured for some time—exclusive dealing took place—he prosecuted the *Mercury* and the jury found damages. Your father, in the same speech made from the balcony, before some thousands of the peasantry, turning his face towards this person's shop, (I saw him,) satirised and abused the "rueful swadler" as he termed him. Thus in his meanness, malignity, and uncalled for display of the most inveterate hatred towards the interest of an honest man, advanced in years, with a large family, Simon Magus gave a magic miniature representation of the priest's libel, the natural tendency of

which was, to keep up the same feeling in the vulgar mind, and produce the same effect. On that occasion he reminded me of those fiends which, at their own request, were sent into the herd of swine—his spirit was mean, grovelling, violent, miserable and destructive. So much, now, for “a digression for sake of digression.” You wish now, sir, to have the names of the peasant and the landlord. Here they are, John Hickson, Esq., of Grove, near Dingle, and William Shanahan. Are your eyes now opened? It is to evil, and not to good. The case will now go against you. It stands thus:—Shanahan was tenant to Mr. Hickson. He had a vote for the county. He faithfully and repeatedly promised to vote for the Knight of Kerry who was always a stanch advocate for Catholic Emancipation, and a man to whom the O’Connells and Romanists were bound to show gratitude. Shanahan not only gave the pledge to his landlord, but to several other gentlemen. The election came on; he violated his promise, and voted for your cousin Morgan. How was this effected? Who was the agent? You did not propose this question in your letter. Let me, however, give it a reply. It was a priest—pious man!—who, for the good of the church, would make Shanahan lie and act ungratefully, and then forgive him at the next confession. He first influenced his wife (see how minutely I am acquainted with the transaction,) and the two joining, like the serpent and Eve, caused this son of old Adam to sin, and finally to be cast out of his paradise. In the course of some time Shanahan’s rent became due. It was demanded of course. He either could not or would not pay. He was distrained. He ran into law against his landlord. Three records were the issue. He was cast in each, and in fact was ruined. His losing the farm was the result of his own folly and obstinacy. How did Mr. Hickson treat him in the end, after all his unjustifiable conduct? Let Shanahan answer for himself. Here are his own words taken from a letter written by him to the editor of the *Kerry Evening Post*:—“With every kind, generous, and humane feeling, he (Mr. Hickson) forgave all costs, charges, and expenses attendant on three records, besides giving himself, his father-in-law, and brother-in-law who were equally involved with himself their stock, furniture, &c., by paying only one gale’s rent out of a large arrear, on giving him possession of the farm.” Such is the testimony of this man to the conduct and character of Mr. Hickson. Pray, sir, do I now slander the conduct of the conservative gentry of Kerry? Many of them know me; and I am certain that your insidious remark on this point will only excite the disgust of their high, stanch, and unflinching minds. In sound, Protestant feeling, they are not excelled by any of the same class in Ireland. We have seen Mr. Hickson’s conduct towards Shanahan, who gave him every opposition in his power; let us now glance at that of Daniel O’Connell, Esq., M.P.—“the great liberator, emancipator, pacificator, regenerator, elevator, and renovator of Ireland,” as one of his worthy admirers once said in a speech. He and Shanahan were of the same holy, orthodox, and infallible church; they repaired to the same kind of confessional for pardon, they expected, no doubt, being contemporaries, finally to alleviate each other’s pains in the fire of purgatory; they fought for the good of the church in one spirit at the hustings; and besides all this, poor deluded Shanahan had hitherto been a collector of the “rent.” In the midst of his deepest distress, he repairs to Tralee. His case is right well

known to the priests, and the gentlemen of the Chamber of Commerce. They feel for him. His case is stated in a letter addressed to your father. The first name is that of Dr. M'Ennery, the vicar-general of the Popish diocese. I know several of the others to be most respectable men. Here is the document;—

August 16, 1836.

“Sir,—We, the undersigned clergy and freeholders of Tralee, most respectfully recommend the bearer, Mr. Wm. Shanahan, to your consideration. The losses that he has sustained, in consequence of his vote at the last election, compel him to apply to you for aid, or for advice how to procure some remuneration elsewhere. We have, Sir, no hesitation in declaring, that, if had voted for the opposite party, he would have no occasion at present to solicit aid from any person, and we think the refusal of some assistance, would be productive of very evil consequences, inasmuch as it may have a bad effect on the next election. His relatives and many other freeholders had been induced by him to vote for the popular candidates, and if he is allowed to remain in his present misery, many, who now look on him will be deterred from voting honestly, when they know that a similar misfortune awaits themselves, if they vote against the wishes of their landlords. He is truly to be pitied.

We are, Sir, with great respect and esteem, your obedient servants and respectful friends,

John G. M'Ennery,
Eugene O. Sullivan, R.C.C.
Michael O'Sullivan, P. P.
R. Leyne,
Edm. Fitzmaurice, R.C.C.
Thomas Bunton,
Richard Donovan,
James Poyntz.

Francis De La Hunt,
Bryan O'Connor,
Francis O'Sullivan,
John Casey,
Patrick Hallinan,
Charles Daly,
Edmond Stack,

Michael Reddy,
Daniel Supple, jun.
Timothy Donovan,
Gerald Fitzgibbon,
Thomas Stack,
Francis Heady,
Dennis Hurley.

“To Daniel O'Connell, Esq. M.P. &c. &c.”

See poor Shanahan! now he has got the letter in his possession. It is the month of August. He is on his way to Derrynane. He climbs the hills with energy, and traverses the glens with a light step and lighter heart. He sighs to see his neighbours reaping and himself without a sheaf; but he is on his way to the mansion of power, hospitality, friendliness, and unbounded charity, and ere the breath of his heaving breast has freely mingled with the atmosphere, his contracted lips send forth a joyous whistle. He will soon see the great O'Connell—the patriot whose heart has almost been on the eve of rending in a thousand speeches (not pieces) over the wrongs, woes, and oppressions of his “hereditary bondsmen.” His reception will be cordial, his services appreciated, and his merits and sufferings amply rewarded. He is now a made man; he examines his purse to see if it will bear the weight of gold, that it will be his good fortune to carry home. He arrives at the mansion. He goes in it is true, at the back gate, but expects to go out at the front. His petition is sent up to the “lord of the treasury,” and is returned with this reply, which I myself saw in Mr. O'Connell's own handwriting at the foot of the petition.

“I should consent to have all my family excluded from parliament, and myself also, sooner than have applications made to me for money in this shape.
DANIEL O'CONNELL.”

With what feelings did poor Shanahan now return from Derrynane? He describes them in the following extract from his letter to the editor of the *Kerry Evening Post*, dated August the 29th, 1836 :—

“ It is the duty of the public at large to look forward to a future period when similar circumstances might foolishly involve them, such as have involved myself. Let them do so and vote for the liberal side, which I have every reason to call illiberal and ungrateful, and they shall experience misery on the one hand, and a cold, unfeeling, denial on the other, such as I met with from the *Liberator* at his own house, in Derrynane Abbey, on the 23d instant, written by himself at the tail of a petition, signed by the respectable clergy, and the other respectable gentlemen who lent their names, placing that confidence in him, which he and his friends always had on every occasion experienced from the honest and independent freeholders of Tralee * * * If the people of Ireland were to meet the *Liberator*’s annual rent a little more cool, and were I to be less active, and less zealous in collecting this impost of his, perhaps they and I might meet with a better reception at Derrynane. I state nothing in this letter but what I can really and honestly prove.”

Here let us make a reflection or two on this transaction. In the first place, those gentlemen in Tralee knew Shanahan well, and the wretched state to which he was brought for the good of the church. Secondly—They considered Daniel O’Connell, then in Derrynane, as the only man living who ought to relieve him, or if not, to give him advice or authority to get relief elsewhere, namely, out of the fund for supporting the election. Thirdly—They used every argument they could—what they said was without “ hesitation”—the losses sustained—the manner in which he treated the opposite party—how he influenced his relatives and others—and they go so far as to say “ we think the refusal of some assistance would be productive of very evil consequences,” besides that Shanahan is truly an object of pity. The result of all this on your father’s hard and callous heart is now before the public. True it is, he shapes his reply, as if it expressed the indignation of a patriot. But what did he here repel? The rent or tribute which this man formerly collected? No, verily, he would not have refused a communication made to him in that shape; but he sent the man away with feigned indignation against the shape of his application, leaving him and his friends of the Chamber of Commerce to ruminate on the import of the term shape, while he kept the money in his pocket, and let the man go starve or beg. He knew well, that on refusing those gentlemen as he did, he could not lose their support—that this would involve their consistency and especially their religion, if they turned against him—he thought the transaction also, never would become public, and then it was but another bubble on the stream of ingratitude which naturally flows from his heart. Like an old beggarman, whom I once heard say—“ Madam, I am an independant man; for if you do not help me, there are fifty in town who will,” he could afford to be ungrateful, and even indulge his natural impudence to the very men who had served him. His reply, however, was a most ingenious one. I will translate it for you, as you kindly did the phrase “ Kerry Election” for me :—“ I should consent to resign the begging box, to have the collectors dismissed, never to have another lying speech uttered from the altar, to excite such beggars, even as Shanahan, to

contribute to the justice rent, and to have my family and self excluded from parliament, aye, and even to run the risk of having our perjury, as it concerns the oath we took respecting the Protestant establishment, for ever unremitted by the true church, rather than, after I have received money to work for her interest, to have it taken from me in this shape, by even the Vicar-General of the diocese." I am afraid, sir, there is something of the infidel still in your father. It is a well known fact in Tralee, that, after he returned from St. Omers, when a young man, he, out of contempt for popery, threw his aunt's manual or prayer book into the fire, and burned it. He made summary work with St. Peter, the Virgin Mary, the Angels, and all the train of Popish mediators. In addition to this, I have heard it stated, that at that time, he was quite in a swither, as the northerns phrase it, whether he should come forth at the bar as a Protestant or a Papist. Pope Leo X., who denied the being of God, said once to Cardinal Bembo, "This fable of Jesus Christ has done us good service?" and so your father may say to you as it regards the fable of Popery. It is no wonder, then, that he receives priestly absolution every day; for he is better paid for his infidel submission, than any priest in the world is for imposing on mankind. I should be much inclined to think, that before he wrote the lying letters about John Wesley and his doctrines, he must have got at least a month's indulgence before hand, that by the help of lying Father O'Leary's forged letter he might blaspheme the Bible, villify the dead, abuse the living, trample on all decorum, vomit out whole paragraphs of wilful, deliberate, and crude lies, and thereby give quiet advice to the secret society of ribbonmen to stab, shoot, or murder the Wesleyan ministers and people as they have done those of the Established Church in Ireland. I do verily believe, that he is near his fall—that the iniquity of this Amorite is nearly full; and that the nation may be on the look out to see this Haman hang on the gallows which he has erected for his unoffending neighbours. "Verily there is a God that judgeth in the earth."

In conclusion, I must notice an important part of your letter. You say, "He would have allowed this poor peasant at the bidding of any landlord, to have prostituted his conscience for the base motive of worldly lucre. The freedom from perjury of the man's immortal soul did not interest him; it is only into the condition of his breeches' pocket that Mr. M'Afee condescends to inquire." This language is rather obscure. I must make it plain. Let it be rightly understood, and the very main spring of popery will unfold itself, suspended with all the evils which distract our unhappy country. Apply it now to Shanahan's case, and from it we develop the ruling principle which actuates the whole of the priesthood and demagogues through Ireland. Shanahan promises his vote to the Knight of Kerry, and thereby acts in accordance with the wishes of a good and indulgent landlord. Hereby his judgment, his circumstances, and the natural tie which subsists in civil society all combine; but the priest in the mean time steps in, threatens damnation, tells him he is violating his sacramental vows, frightens him with purgatory, refuses him absolution, and shews him he will be guilty of perjury against his church, if he votes against Maurice O'Connell; and thus succeeds in leading him to his ruin, and finally to the ruthless repulse of your ungrateful father; and now you come forward to justify such conduct, and tell the British public that

Shanahan, your father, yourself, and all the papists who are returned to parliament would be guilty of perjury, if you did not endeavour, with might and main, to give ascendancy to your religion in all things. This is the very spirit of what you have now stated. Here now is a striking instance of what you mean by freedom of conscience; it is a liberty to break every natural tie of civil society for the purpose of giving ascendancy to popery; it is the liberty of violating the parliamentary oath of honest God-fearing, confiding Protestantism, to keep another directly opposite, imposed by the church of Rome. To break the latter is perjury—foul black perjury; to violate the other is but a venial sin, which even a hedge priest could rub out, as easily as a boy at school cleans his slate! Let the public now judge of your folly in meddling with this case: and say whether I have not proved the black-hearted ingratitude of your father to “one of the finest peasantry upon the face of the earth.” It may gratify many to hear that Shanahan, his brothers and others who knew this case, are now as stanch conservatives as are to be found in the county of Kerry.

I am, Sir, for affording me this additional opportunity of unfolding your father's vileness, your much obliged servant,

DANIEL M'AFEE.

Cork, August 19th, 1839.

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., M.P.

SIR—In your second letter to the Wesleyans, there is much of Jesuitical art and aim. One chief object of the whole epistle is to sever the affections of the other great Protestant parties of the empire from their Wesleyan brethren; and hence, by dividing the united strength, you could the more easily effect your aim, in introducing popish ascendancy. Like Sampson's foxes, you came in with a fire-brand at your tail, and the result is, you have burned nothing but yourself. You cannot disturb the union which subsists among genuine Protestants. There is a union of intention, of feeling, and of exertion, which you can never destroy. It is not the union of darkness—of an mere grave-yard—like that which pervades the serfs of your church, whose right of private judgment lies buried at the door of your chapels. Every Romanist drowns it in the stone basin of holy water, as he enters the sanctuary of infallible imposture. All true Protestants think and let think—they all stand on the one foundation, which is Christ Jesus—they are all included in the Catholic circle of Christianity—separated in their parties, it is true, by minor shades of difference, but still regarding Christ as the centre. This true Catholic ground is not occupied by your church. She finds another centre in Antichrist, who has been blasphemously styled by some noted sons of the harlot “The Lord God, the Pope.” Hence, she belongs not to the Catholic system of Christianity. She dwells in the regions of imaginary traditions, and grossly dark, unscriptural illusions, and vile impostures. She intrudes herself, however, upon our notice, and though grown grey in sin, deceit and error, she would fain make us believe, that she is one, holy, orthodox, and Catholic. In you, she has found an experienced, capitally qualified, and well paid champion. She deserves credit at your hand, inasmuch as she has not sent

you into the warfare at your own expenses. Neither has she permitted you to take the field of controversy without armour. Old Father O'Leary, the laughing Capuchin Friar, left his as a legacy to the Irish Church militant upon earth; and you, finding it to fit admirably well, got it sprinkled afresh with holy water, and behold! you appear as a knight errant against the Wesleyans, and through them against all the Protestants in the empire. Let us glance at the several parts of this ancient monkish, jesuitical, and priestly piece of armour. There is first the girdle of falsehood, which binds the several parts of the dress tight about the loins. Then, there is the breastplate of wickedness, which screens the heart from the influence of righteous principle. The sandals of strife and war are conspicuous upon the feet, and qualify for trampling on the Bible, and treading on those who refuse to support arrogant pretensions. The helmet, is the hope of popish absolution, and of getting safe through purgatory, seeing it is but a venial sin, to deal in untruths for the good of the church, and the establishment of the true orthodox religion. The shield is infidelity, embossed and varnished by the creed of Pope Pius IV. But what is the sword? Not that of the Spirit, which is the word of God, but the old, rotten, rusty blade of traditions, dug out of the rubbish of Popery, and edged on the one side with the grossest slanders, and on the other with the keenest sarcasms; while its point is poisoned with hatred, scorn, and all uncharitableness. Thus accoutred, and armed cap-a-pie in the old Friar's coat of mail, you made your appearance, as you tell us, in your speech delivered at the Corn Exchange to your constituents:—

“ Out came the Wesleyan Methodists.—(Loud laughter.) They attacked the measure in a most furious manner, but I came out upon them, and I told these men themselves what multitudes of them did not know a word about; and I told their wives and children what kind of a genius John Wesley, their founder, really was.”—(Laughter.)

Certainly, Mr. O'Connell, you did tell us many things about ourselves, and the founder of the Wesleyan Society, which we knew not a word about before. Until you told us, we never knew that we were enemies to freedom of conscience, to civil and religious liberty, and not one of us, nor of our fathers, ever dreamed—nor one in the empire, until you told it—that John Wesley “ was one of the principal founders or managers of that Protestant association, which, in June, 1780, raised a rebellion in London.” Nor did we know or even dream it, that John Wesley was a Moravian, or an Antinomian, until you told us. The fact is, you are a capital champion for the church of Antichrist. You excel old O'Leary himself, in the invention of falsehood. He did not dare in his day to go just so far. Unfortunate man! This one transaction, has so fixed your character with a wanton disregard for truth, that even your own party will not now believe your declarations, as it respects repeal. They will say within themselves, “ He is a repealer for ever, viz. : until the forthcoming contribution is lodged in his coffers.”

There were some things, however, which you did not tell your constituents on that occasion. You did not mention one word, Sir, about the challenge which I gave you. You gave no explanation about 1 Tim. iv. 1. 2. not one word. You did not explain to them, how your church stands branded on the very forehead, by the Spirit of God, as being antichrist, because, *she forbids to marry, and commands to abstain from meats.* You

never alluded to your heartless treatment of poor *Shanahan*. There was no reply to either of my letters. I glory in your silence. I defy you again before the face of the nation, to explain the passage of scripture now mentioned, or clear yourself in the case of the poor peasant. You say, "Those who entertain most absurd doctrines, shrink from controversy—Catholic truth does rejoice in, and prosper by, calm, temperate, and deliberate controversy." Why, do you now prevent its prosperity? Come out now before the public and let us have a calm and temperate defence. Let no pretence now cause you to shrink from my attack. You said in your first letter you would pay no attention to any anonymous production. Mine is not anonymous; my name is at the conclusion. I did not burden you with many arguments in my first letter. I gave you at least one. Answer that one, and I become a papist on the spot. You cannot. It is impossible; it decides the controversy. Call in the help of Father Maguire, and in the meantime, let me now come to the main point of this letter, namely, to prove, that after all your rant about antinomianism, your church, into whose vile bosom you invited me, is antinomian in spirit, doctrines, practices and members—that she is wrong both in her faith and works—that she is an antinomian by profession and has departed from the law and the gospel in every thing essential.—Never did I undertake an easier task, and I heartily thank you for giving me the opportunity. You say in your second letter, Mr. Wesley asks the question—"What is Antinomianism" and he answers it thus:—"Its main pillars are, that Christ abolished the moral law; that therefore, Christians ARE NOT OBLIGED TO KEEP IT—that Christian liberty, is liberty from obeying the commands of God." Keep now to this. We cannot meet on better ground. Antinomianism casts off the law, and claims a liberty from obeying the commands of God. If so, the church of Rome is essentially antinomian, for the following reasons:

1.—She has taken away the *second commandment* and divided the tenth into two, to make up the number. I appeal to her catechisms—to the tablets erected in her chapels in proof of this. You know, Sir, that this is universal. Let us quote the exact words, from the 20th chapter of Exodus. "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children, unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments." Now, Sir, I should like to know from you whether a crucifix be the likeness of anything in earth or heaven? Do the people not bow down to it? Did you not bow before one to day? Why does the priest in prayer turn his face to it on the altar? Pray, Sir, is the Host, which is worshipped with the worship of *latria*, or the highest kind of worship in your church, not like something in the heavens above or in the earth beneath? It is certainly not like Christ; and therefore, it is not He; but it is very like another wafer or piece of paste of the same size, and consequently, to worship it, is idolatry. Can you deny this? No, verily. Does not this command represent your popes, priests, and church as haters of God? Does not this account for the visitations of the Divine Being on your church? Why has she been dismembered? Why did the

half of the Roman western empire forsake her communion? Why were the Romanists of Ireland so long in gaining emancipation? Why can you not get corporate reform? Why will you try in vain to get a repeal of the union? Have you not reason to suspect, at least, that God is angry with your idolatry? He visits the iniquity of the fathers upon the third and fourth generation of the children who follow their idolatry. Put away, therefore, your crucifixes and your hosts, and worship God above, through Jesus Christ, and then, and not till then, shall

————— “Ireland be free.
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the sea.”

Surely, your church is antinomian, because she has abolished the second commandment, which prohibits image worship.

II.—Your church, Sir, is antinomian, because she has introduced and established half communion. In this, she has departed from one of the plainest commands in the whole compass of revelation. We have only to quote from the Evangelist Matthew, chap. xxvi. “And as they were eating, Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and broke it and gave it to the disciples and said, Take eat; this is my body. And he took the cup and gave thanks and gave it to them saying, DRINK YE ALL OF IT; For this is my blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.” Where is now the authority of Christ? It is trampled on by the Church of Rome. The plainest language by way of command is here violated. As she took away the second command from the laity, lest they might not submit freely to her idolatry; so she deprives them of the cup to countenance her blasphemous, foolish, and absurd doctrine of transubstantiation. You, Sir, never received the sacrament of the Lord’s supper in your life. You never tasted the consecrated wine, which calls to remembrance the blood, which was shed for the remission of sins. In these days of reform and liberality, why do not your priests restore the cup? Are they acting liberally in this to you and the laity at large? Why do you not form a reformation society to remedy the gross abuses of your antinomian church, which claims a liberty from obeying this plain command of Christ? Is it possible for the Saviour of the world to smile on the succession of your popes, bishops, and priests, while they disobey him to his face, substitute their vain inventions for his institutions, mock his authority, and disregard his plainest commands? Here is antinomianism with a witness! And yet you, pious, good man! had a great aversion to pollute your pen by dwelling on those doctrines, which set the commands of God at defiance. If there be a curse resting on any one, that adds to or takes from the Word of God, a dense, dark cloud of vengeance must abide on your church, from the Pope down to the lowest hedge-priest, for taking away the wine in the sacrament, contrary to the express command of Christ.

III.—The antinomianism of your church, Sir, is still more extensively displayed in her taking away the scriptures from the laity. A few quotations will discover the iniquity of this authoritative proceeding.—“And these words, which I command thee this day, shall be in thine heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children,” &c. Deut. vi. 6—7. “Search the scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.” John v. 39. “And Jesus answering said unto them, do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the scriptures,

neither the power of God." Mark xii. 24. "Ye shall not add unto the word which I command you, neither diminish from it." Deut. iv. 2. "Add thou not unto his words, lest he reprove thee and thou be found a liar." Prov. xxx. 6. "If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book; and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life," &c. Rev. xxii. 18—19.

Now, Sir, there are four things which you cannot deny—1. That your church has taken away the second commandment, and the wine in the sacrament. 2. That she has added the creed of Pope Pius IV. in twelve articles, her vain traditions and ridiculous ceremonies, to those things contained in and authorised by the Scriptures. 3. That she has prevented the circulation and reading of the scriptures in every age and nation, since she became an apostate from the true faith, and especially in Ireland. 4. That the Romanists of this country, and particularly the peasantry, are unacquainted with the word of eternal truth. Why, then, is this the case? The answer is ready: The scriptures would carry light into Babylon, and shew her to be the Mother of Harlots. Your popes, bishops, and priests, are perfectly aware of this. Hence the burning and burying of Bibles, the enmity to scriptural schools, the crusades raised against Bible and Missionary Meetings, the support given by the priesthood to the National Schools, and the aversion shown by millions of our countrymen to anything of a scriptural character. From whence does the hatred of the people arise against the word of God? From the priest—the altar—the confessional. They are fed on the husks of traditions, amused with political harangues, and often become the subjects of bitter taunts and vulgar priestly abuse from the altar, for that very ignorance and ungodly conduct which naturally arises from the want of scriptural instruction. Here is the great curse of Ireland—the antinomianism of the hierarchy. The commandments of God are hidden and broken by wholesale. The peasantry therefore, are ingulphed in wickedness. "Survey the thousands, which now surround you,"—said an old gentleman once to me, in a very large market in the South, as we stood amidst the peasantry, "and nineteen out of every twenty which you see is a rogue and every man a liar." How are we to account for the faction fights, the desecration of the sabbath, the political meetings in chapels on the Lord's day, and even those in Townsend Street, held repeatedly by yourself, while you set an example of iniquity to all the priests and their parishioners throughout Ireland? How are we to account for the ribbon conspiracy, the systematic burnings and murders, which have disgraced our country, the intimidation of witnesses, and the foul, black stain of perjury, which stamps the peasantry generally before the Barrister and the Judges of the land, especially in swearing *alibies*? In fact, it is the natural, and I may almost say the necessary result of popish antinomianism. The people know nothing of the scriptures; they are taught to mock the "Bible Saints;" and their very catechisms not only open the door for lies and petty thefts, but set up the dogmas of a false church above the commandments of God. You, Sir, are well aware of these things; and yet, you had the hardihood to come out before the world as a sworn enemy to antinomianism. Why did you not look behind you before you had the temerity to appear, and thus to be driven back in

disgrace? You creep out of a vile den of heresies—of pollution—and of darkness; and forgetting the hole of the pit whence you issued, you talk as smoothly, piously, and zealously against errors of head, heart, and practice, as if you had come down from the New Jerusalem, instead of proceeding from the house of that harlot, who is the mother of all abominations.

IV.—Have your popes, in conjunction with councils, all infallible forsooth! taken away the second commandment, the wine in the sacrament, and the scriptures from the laity? Then, it is evident, they were antinomian in their opinions and decrees. Let us now see what kind of gentlemen these apostolic successors, these infallible impostors, were, who, in iniquity fairly outdid the Neros, Domitians, and Caligulas of the ancient Roman empire. Their conduct was in perfect accordance with their creed. They not only claimed a liberty to disannul the commandments of God, but they broke them in every possible form. A late author says:—

“It is from the tenth century that we must begin the history of the abominations of the Popes. Pope Formosus died in the year 897. By means of a faction of villains, his seat was filled by one called Boniface, who had twice before been deposed; once while a Deacon and once while a Priest. This Boniface, turned out of the chair by another faction, gave place to Stephen VII., who made himself famous by a remarkable action in causing the body of Formosus to be digged out of its grave, and a process to be made against him upon this pretence, that he had suffered himself to be translated from another bishopric to that of Rome, contrary to the canons; and so his body was thrown into the Tiber. The historians who have written the lives of the Popes, characterize him as a profligate wretch, and make him to have governed only fifteen months. Two Popes followed, of whom the one sat in the chair but four months, and the other only three weeks. After this came John IX., who continued three years.—One Benedict succeeded him on the one hand; whilst a vile fellow, named Sergius, on the other, did also exercise the Pontifical power, as appears by the records of those times. Leo V. followed upon the death of Benedict, who at the end of forty days was imprisoned by another Pope, named Christophorus, who had the chair but seven months. Here are at least seven or eight Popes in that number of years, because they turned out and strangled one another. This Christophorus was turned out by another most atrocious character named Sergius, of the faction of the Marquess of Tuscany. We ought here to peruse the confession of Baronius himself, who entering upon the tenth century, calls it the leaden, the iron age, a century of horror and darkness. At this time ruled those two most notorious strumpets Theodora, a Roman dame, most infamous for her lewdness, and her daughter Marosia, wife to Albertus, Marquess of Hetruria, and concubine of this Pope Sergius, who, at the same time, kept the mother and the daughter, to reward them for raising him to be Pope, by their influence and authority. One Athanasius succeeded him, of whom there is no account. After him came Landos, who to oblige the infamous Theodora, preferred a priest of Ravenna, named John, to the bishopric of Bologna, and afterwards to be archbishop of Ravenna. But Theodora, not finding it for her convenience to have her gallant at such a distance from her, quickly made sway with Landos, and made this John X. by name Bishop of Rome. Some historians say that this John was the son of Pope, Sergius by Marosia, Theodora's daughter. This Pope then, was the son of a Pope, and kept his grandmother to be his concubine. This monster possessed the chair sixteen years, and left it by a violent death; for Marosia, who is reputed by some authors to have been his mother, caused him to be put into prison, and there to be stifled under a bed.—She then made Leo VI. Pope in his room, who survived but six months, and died in prison of a violent death, as his predecessor did. Several who followed in succession had the good fortune to be buried in silence.

“It was otherwise with Octavian, son of Albertus, Marquess of Tuscany, who was made Pope at seventeen years of age. His crimes were very enormous, but they are well known also by the learned word. In him did Rome see another Nero, a second Heliogabalus. The Lateran palace became the most public bawdy-house in Europe; an honest woman could not with any safety perform her devotions in the most public

places, for women were ruined even in the churches. Besides this, he offered incense to the devil, and invoked Jupiter and the other gods of the pagans. This monster in debauchery was deposed by the Emperor Otho, but he formed a party and raised an insurrection, by which much blood was shed. Otho, however, remained master; but on his departure to Germany, the prostitutes at Rome set Octavian again upon the chair, and thrust out the Pope whom the Emperor had made.

"Otho again prevailed; but on his death another wretch who called himself Boniface VII., seized Pope Benedict VI. and caused him to be strangled in prison. Another tyrant of the family and faction of the Marquess of Tuscany, named Benedict VII., turned out this Boniface VII., who was forced to save himself at Constantinople, whither he carried all the moveables and as much of the treasures of St. Peter as he could with him. Some time after, he again returned to Rome, and put himself once more in the chair, in which he found one named John XIV., whom he threw into prison, and then starved to death. Eight months after this, he himself dies and is dragged through the streets to be thrown on a common dunghill. Behold, these are the gods of the Papacy!

"The eleventh century (says Baronius) began with a report which spread itself far and near, that antichrist was come, and that we should soon see the end of the world. It was the horrible villains which had been seen in the church, and which still continued there, that gave occasion to this report. From this period until the middle of the century, the Roman chair was filled with men every whit as vile and monstrous as their predecessors. But the Marquesses of Tuscany disposed of the Popedom as they thought proper, sometimes bestowing it upon their kindred, and at other times selling it to strangers. It was in this century that there was one Pope, but of ten years old, the son of Albertus, Count of Tuscany: he was called Benedict IX., and was one of the vilest monsters that ever sat in the Papal chair, or afflicted the world. Cardinal Benno assures us, that he was a sorcerer, and that he sacrificed to devils in the woods. When this Benedict had reigned peaceably for ten years, another faction of villains created another Pope under the name of Sylvester III.; Benedict then sold his share in the Papacy to one named John, and retired to his house to live in privacy. He, however, returned again in a few months, and once more set himself up for Pope, without attempting to depose the other two; so that Rome had three Popes at one time, in three distinct churches, all infallible, and all acting in opposition to one another! These three wretches might longer have enjoyed the honours and profits of the Papacy if a fourth, more cunning than they, had not persuaded them to part with their dignity in his favour, on condition that they might retain those church revenues which they before enjoyed. This Gratian, for such was the name of this Priest, did not long enjoy the benefit of his purchase; Clement II. took his place; he, however, continued in it but nine months; for, at the end of that period, he was poisoned by Damasus II. who succeeded him. This Damasus, at the end of twenty-three days, was himself poisoned by one Gerard Brazuta, who was kept in pay for such works by the Holy See; for Cardinal Benno tells, that he had poisoned seven or eight successively."

Now, Mr. O'Connell, what think you of these heads of your own *holy*, Catholic, orthodox, and apostolic church? Were they antinomians or not? Bad as you are, do they not put you a little to the blush? Why had you the temerity to invite the Wesleyans or any Protestant party, or any Protestant man, woman or child, into whose nostrils God ever breathed the breath of life, to submit to your church? Pray, Sir, do you think we do not read our bibles, and that we are unacquainted with the history and constitution of the Church of Rome? We know that she contains "the mystery of iniquity," and that every heresy, as well as that of Antinomianism, is found in her doctrines and institutions.

V.—If such be the lives and character of popes, there is nothing extraordinary in the following list of *indulgences, absolutions, and dispensations*, as rated, taxed, and exposed to sale by Pope John XXII., in the Vatican Chancery office in Rome. Platina says of him—"every body knew his life and conversation; he was so immodest and so sottish." There is no

Protestant, Mr. O'Connell, who possesses such advantages as you do. Your church can furnish you with the merits of Christ for one part of your sins—those of the Virgin Mary for another—masses for another—absolution for another—penance for another—and indulgences for the remainder. She has her celestial and her terrestrial treasures; and between the tribute for this life, and masses, absolutions, and indulgences, you cannot, if she be right, (not otherwise) be ill off for the life to come. As she possesses a fund containing the extra merits of all saints, from Adam down, at least, till the time of Father Maguire's birth, and no doubt entertains the high expectation of increasing her surplus at the death of that worthy man—that of John of Tuam, and that of Dr. Murray, according to his merits, as depicted by the Rev. Mr. M'Ghee, together with the present race of Jesuits and Maynooth Priests, with at least the chief officers of the Ribbon Society, she can well afford, from her "celestial treasure," as the Council of Trent terms it, to give such a favourite son as you, a free and safe pass through purgatory; and when you are gone, she can easily gather up the surplus merit of your life, conversation, speeches, and letters, especially those to the Wesleyans—and let the "hereditary bondsmen" enjoy the benefit, in particular those of Tipperary, when any of them are about to pay the forfeit of their lives to the offended laws of their country. Happy man that you are! You can steer safely over the ocean of this life, and never be at a loss for a harbour in the end. You have six points to your compass—the merits of the Saviour, those of the Virgin Mary, masses, absolutions, penances, and indulgences!—Passing over the impossibility, however, of steering to one of these points without leaving the others behind, or on the one side, let us now proceed to our list, and ascertain the great benefits to be derived from these antinomian indulgences. Here are a few of them, with the crime and rate of payment distinctly stated;—

| | | | |
|---|------------|--|----------|
| A god-father marrying his god-child, | £ 15 16 4½ | For a witch after abjuring her incantations | £ 1 19 2 |
| An uncle marrying his niece | 105 0 0 | For murdering a bishop, abbot, or general of any order | 15 13 7 |
| For committing adultery and marrying the same woman after the wife's death, . . | 11 5 0 | For voluntary murder, provided it be secret, a priest, is dispensed with in all ecclesiastical employments for, | 9 15 0 |
| A release from perpetual chastity, | 2 17 6½ | If two have combined in the same murder, | 15 13 4 |
| A license to marry after vowing to become a monk . . | 4 8 4 | If a layman kills a priest the tax is, | 1 19 2 |
| For a Priest to marry, if kept secret, | 4 8 4 | If he kills a bishop or abbot | 15 13 7 |
| For simple fornication, . . | 1 19 4 | If he kills a layman, . . . | 1 1 5 |
| Adultery of both parties, each | 1 19 4 | For murdering a father, mother, brother, sister or wife the tax for each is . . . | 1 8 8 |
| A nun (quæ multos homines ad ejus amplexus recepit,) is entitled to all the dignities of her order, and may become an Abbess by paying, | 11 5 0 | For each of the accomplices, | 10 10 |
| The tax for sodomy is, . . | 11 5 0 | For a license to eat butter, cheese, &c., on fast days, . | 1 19 9 |
| If committed within or near a convent or monastery, . . | 10 5 0 | For an entire family, . . . | 4 7 9 |
| Pro coitione cum bellua censu sus est, | 26 10 3 | For a town and district, . . | 61 6 4 |
| An absolution from heresy, . | 11 5 0 | For license to say mass with a wig on, | 4 7 9 |
| | | For dispensing with the solemn obligation of an oath, . . . | 2 5 11½ |

Now, Sir, what do you say to this black and iniquitous catalogue? If you attempt to deny its existence in one form or other in your Church, you not only contradict Dr. Challoner in his defence of Indulgences, but the Council of Trent itself. You say at once that your church is *fallible*—that she has lost her ancient power and virtue—you know right well that Luther commenced the reformation by opposing Tetzels, as he sold them for Pope Leo the X., under pretence of a war with the Turks. We are, on this principle, at no loss to account for the perpetration of murder by the Ribbonmen of Ireland, when the united pence of the society can easily procure an indulgence for any of the guilty. The perjury of the peasantry, and even that which has been exhibited in the House of Commons, may now be very easily explained. I have purposely placed this item at the end of the list, and marked it in italics on account of its cheapness. True! money is of less value now, perhaps, one-third, than it was then. On this ratio the 2*l.* 5*s.* 11½*d.* would now be 6*l.* 17*s.* 10½*d.* What signifies this sum to a member of Parliament? It is nothing when compared to the good of the church. I recollect once in the City of Derry, three or four Protestant gentlemen, out of pure compassion for a wandering fellow, clubbed and gave him one pound to carry him home to the county of Tipperary. He went however, to the chapel there on the Sunday before his departure, and it being the day of “the contribution,” he gave sixteen shillings of it to that fund, and like a true Tipperary man, resolved to pursue his long journey on the remaining four shillings. Eight liberal souls like this would nearly contribute as much as would now pay for a dispensation for any of the Catholic gentleman who are honoured with a place in the Senate, and stand charged before the empire, at the same time, with the violation of that comprehensive and definite oath, which they took in relation to the established church. When the holy, infallible, and apostolic church, can dispense with a most solemn oath, even in the catholic states, for one-seventh part of the sum which she charges for a man marrying one for whom, he, as a stranger, stood as god-father; there would be nothing extraordinary in her remitting the obligation for nothing at all in behalf of those, who, having taken the oath required by the Reform Bill, only break it for the purpose of giving popery the ascendancy. I have done at present, Mr. O’Connell; and I appeal to the public whether or not you acted wisely in lifting your pen against antinomianism. You branded the monster as a heresy; and I have proved your church to be the mother of it.

I am, Sir, for the opportunity afforded me of unfolding a little of the Mystery of Iniquity, your most obliged servant,

Cork, September 6th, 1839.

DANIEL M’AFEE.

TO DANIEL O’CONNELL, Esq., M.P.

SIR,—In my first letter I briefly investigated your public conduct; in my second I furnished ample, and I apprehend complete, evidence of your cupidity; and in my third I gave a true picture of your antinomian church. She still stands, with two pillars in front;—On the one is written in capitals, by the finger of God himself, “FORBIDDING TO MARRY,” and on

the other, "COMMANDING TO ABSTAIN FROM MEATS." By this the edifice stands distinguished from the one, holy, living temple of the true church. No man who acknowledges the bible can mistake her, except he be a liberal, who from some interested motive or other is purblind, and inspired with a false charity, that leads him to overlook the truth of God. As the Divine Spirit has stamped Apostacy—a complete and entire departure from the faith—on the portals of this mysterious edifice, let us enter the interior, and try if there be any thing within which redeems the character, and leaves even the semblance or rudiments of a Church of Christ. I wish now to enter in company with you. On this occasion I intend to stick close by your side; and I hope, before we part, to make your reason blush, and your prejudices wish that I had been one of Pharaoh's horsemen who were drowned in the Red Sea. See, there is one of her priests engaged in the ceremonies of the Mass. He is just about to consecrate the Host. A piece of parched paste, or bread, lies before him. He pronounces the words, *Hoc est corpus meum*, ("This is my body,") and in the twinkling of an eye the whole substance thereof is changed into the body, blood, soul and divinity of our Lord JESUS CHRIST! This is truly miraculous indeed! In your second letter to the Wesleyans you profess your belief in this dogma thus: "I believe, with the *certitude of faith*, that what you call the dogmas of popery are *perfectly true*, and *conducive to eternal salvation*." Again, in your Address to the People of England, you wish for a "calm, cool, and deliberate investigation into the nature of the tenets in which the Catholics really believe, and into the arguments and the authority upon which the tenets are received;" and then forsooth, you tell us, that when St. Austin arrived in the Isle of Thanet, in the year 596, being sent by Gregory the Great—the same Gregory who in one of his letters declared, that whosoever claimed the title of Universal Bishop, would be the forerunner of Antichrist—that this Austin "celebrated mass—invoked the saints—he prayed for the dead—he brought with him relics of dead saints—he administered the seven sacraments of the Catholic Church—and in short, he was in every thing a catholic, just as we are at the present period." Now, Sir, without stopping at present, to enquire into the truth of this statement—without waiting to prove that this same Austin found christianity already embraced; and that he only came to corrupt those who adhered to it, by his novelties; and to prove that, in the year 603, he instigated Ethelfride, the Pagan king of Northumberland, to make war against the Cambrians, and to murder the Abbot of Dianoth, with twelve hundred of his followers, in the most cruel manner; or, without delaying to shew, that he had indeed one chief characteristic of popery, namely, a diabolical spirit of persecution, I proceed from your own words, to reason with you as a believer in transubstantiation. In this extraordinary tenet of your church is contained the very essence of all her pretensions and absurdities. Here is infallibility—priestly authority and power—a denial of the right of private judgment—a renunciation of the senses—infinite energy and perpetual miracle—the whole virtue of the mass—the benefit conferred on the living and the dead—the instrumentality which delivers from Purgatory, and in fact the royal mint of the Church of Rome, which enriches her priesthood, and sends forth a circulating medium, which keeps her trade in

prosperity, and binds the whole system together. To this I would now direct especial attention; it is the key-stone of the arch, and as I am certain I can demolish it, it is evident that in the eye of reason the whole system must come tumbling down. Away then goes the altar and the priest, and the censor, and the incense, and the mass, and the idolatrous worship of the host, and prayers to saints, and purgatory, and confession, and penance, and pardons, and indulgences, and congregations, and collections, and yearly tribute money, and agitations, and speeches, and plots, and schemes—and you, Sir, will stand stripped of one argument in favour of your religion, and be laughed at by every man in the community, who for a moment exercises his common sense, unless you turn Protestant, and flee from this Babel of confusion and lies. Come now Mr. O'Connell, I will make a fair bargain with you—the public are witnesses—that if I fail to show transubstantiation to be a monstrous falsehood, and the worship of the host to be rank idolatry, I hereby propose that in your chapel at Derrynane, I will read my recantation publicly on any Sunday which you may appoint, with the exception of the one on which the tribute is collected, as I never intend under any circumstances, to give a farthing to that, on account of your conduct to poor Shanahan; and on the other hand, if I succeed, you are to come to this City, and before Dr. Kyle, the Lord Bishop of Cork, (if his Lordship can put confidence in you, that you would act sincerely,) you are publicly to read your recantation from Popery in the Cathedral, and acknowledge that since the day you were in doubt whether you should go to the bar as a Protestant or Romanist, you have been blindly, and corruptly, and wantonly abusing the Protestant faith and community at large. Now, Sir, will you stand to this proposal? I know you might make some objections:—First, because you wrote a letter in favour of Transubstantiation several years ago, in reply to the Rev. Robert Daly; Secondly, because you might feel unwilling to leave the tribute behind you; Thirdly, because you might be justly afraid of the Ribbonmen; and Lastly, because you know the Priests would abuse and villify you, and expose all your secret iniquities and intrigues. But recollect, Sir, what you say to the people of England. “The matter in question is of the most vital importance; it relates to the truth of God, and it involves an eternity of suffering or of happiness.” These are weighty words indeed. I hope you will consider them well. I have not the slightest doubt of succeeding. If so, let no earthly consideration prevent your embracing the truth. What is the yearly contribution to you a man now advancing in years, in comparison of “an eternity of suffering?” The Protestant press will defend your future conduct, if you be only sincere, and if you be afraid of your life, you have only to remove to the province of Ulster, and spend the remainder of your days among the Churchmen, Presbyterians, and Methodists there. You know very well that the celebrated Dr. Doyle died a Protestant. Follow his example, then, by yielding to the arguments now about to be adduced. As you wish for authority, I must now comply, and state your belief in this dogma from the Council of Trent. In Session XIII. chap. 3, 4, 5, and canons 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, with Session XXI. chap. 1, 2, the infallible Council declares your creed on this point thus:

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prosperity, and binds the whole system together. To this I would now direct especial attention; it is the key-stone of the arch, and as I am certain I can demolish it, it is evident that in the eye of reason the whole system must come tumbling down. Away then goes the altar and the priest, and the censor, and the incense, and the mass, and the idolatrous worship of the host, and prayers to saints, and purgatory, and confession, and penance, and pardons, and indulgences, and congregations, and collections, and yearly tribute money, and agitations, and speeches, and plots, and schemes—and you, Sir, will stand stripped of one argument in favour of your religion, and be laughed at by every man in the community, who for a moment exercises his common sense, unless you turn Protestant, and flee from this Babel of confusion and lies. Come now Mr. O'Connell, I will make a fair bargain with you—the public are witnesses—that if I fail to show transubstantiation to be a monstrous falsehood, and the worship of the host to be rank idolatry, I hereby propose that in your chapel at Derrynane, I will read my recantation publicly on any Sunday which you may appoint, with the exception of the one on which the tribute is collected, as I never intend under any circumstances, to give a farthing to that, on account of your conduct to poor Shanahan; and on the other hand, if I succeed, you are to come to this City, and before Dr. Kyle, the Lord Bishop of Cork, (if his Lordship can put confidence in you, that you would act sincerely,) you are publicly to read your recantation from Popery in the Cathedral, and acknowledge that since the day you were in doubt whether you should go to the bar as a Protestant or Romanist, you have been blindly, and corruptly, and wantonly abusing the Protestant faith and community at large. Now, Sir, will you stand to this proposal? I know you might make some objections:—First, because you wrote a letter in favour of Transubstantiation several years ago, in reply to the Rev. Robert Daly; Secondly, because you might feel unwilling to leave the tribute behind you; Thirdly, because you might be justly afraid of the Ribbonmen; and Lastly, because you know the Priests would abuse and villify you, and expose all your secret iniquities and intrigues. But recollect, Sir, what you say to the people of England. “The matter in question is of the most vital importance; it relates to the truth of God, and it involves an eternity of suffering or of happiness.” These are weighty words indeed. I hope you will consider them well. I have not the slightest doubt of succeeding. If so, let no earthly consideration prevent your embracing the truth. What is the yearly contribution to you a man now advancing in years, in comparison of “an eternity of suffering?” The Protestant press will defend your future conduct, if you be only sincere, and if you be afraid of your life, you have only to remove to the province of Ulster, and spend the remainder of your days among the Churchmen, Presbyterians, and Methodists there. You know very well that the celebrated Dr. Doyle died a Protestant. Follow his example, then, by yielding to the arguments now about to be adduced. As you wish for authority, I must now comply, and state your belief in this dogma from the Council of Trent. In Session XIII. chap. 3, 4, 5, and canons 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, with Session XXI, chap. 1, 2, the infallible Council declares your creed on this point thus:

1—"That by the consecration of bread and wine, a conversion is made of the whole substance of the bread into the substance of the body of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and of the whole substance of the wine into the substance of his blood."

2—"If any one shall deny that in the most holy Sacrament of the Eucharist there are contained *truly, really, and substantially*, the *body and blood*, together with the *soul and divinity* of our LORD JESUS CHRIST; or say that *he is in it only as in a sign, or figure, or by his influence*, let him be accursed." (Anathema sit.)

3—"If any one shall deny, that in the adorable Sacrament of the Eucharist, *whole Christ is contained in each element or species*, and in the *separate parts of each element or species*, a separation being made, let him be accursed."

4—"If any one shall say, that all faithful Christians ought *either* from the *precept of God*, or from the *need of salvation*, to receive the Sacrament of the Eucharist in *both kinds*, let him be accursed; and if any one shall say that the *Holy Catholic Church* has not been induced by *just causes*, to *communicate it to the laity and the non-officiating clergy* in the *species of bread only*, or to *have erred in that respect*, let him be accursed."

5—"This Holy Council teacheth, and openly and simply professeth, that in the pure and holy Sacrament of the Eucharist, after the consecration of the bread and wine, our LORD JESUS CHRIST, true God and man, truly, really, and substantially, is contained, *under the appearance of these visible things*: nor are these matters *self-contradictory*, that our Saviour *himself* always sits at the *right hand of the Father in Heaven*, according to the *natural manner of existing*; and that, notwithstanding, *He is in many other places Sacramentally present to us, with his substance*. There is, therefore, no room to doubt but the *faithful of Christ should adore his most holy Sacrament*, with that *highest worship* due to the *true God*, according to the *constant usage* in the Catholic Church. Nor is it the *less to be thus adored*, because it was instituted by Christ our Lord to be eaten, (*ut sumatur*.) If any one shall say, that this holy Sacrament should not be adored, nor solemnly carried about in procession, nor held up publicly to the people to adore it, or that *its worshippers are idolators*, let him be accursed."

These dogmas are confirmed in the creed of Pope Pius IV. After pronouncing this to be the "True Catholic Faith, without which it is impossible to be saved," he concludes it with this commination, "Let no man therefore, dare to attempt the breaking of this, our deed and injunction, or be so desperate as to oppose it; and if any one presumes on such an attempt, let him know, that he thereby incurs the wrath of Almighty God, and of his blessed Apostles, Peter and Paul. Given at Rome, in St. Peter's Church, Nov. 13, in the year of our Lord 1564, the fifth of our Pontificat."

Now, Sir, as Solomon tells us, "the glory of man is his understanding." God hath endued us with reason, as the noblest of all faculties; we are bound to exercise it, simply because he has given it. You have done it in law and politics, and why not now in religion? While we keep within the circle of nature and revelation, we can never be wrong. All false philosophy is a departure from nature—that is, from things as they are; and all false religion is a departure from revelation, or the truth which God has been pleased to reveal. Your church disallows the exercise of reason, except in finding out her infallibility, and when we fancy we have found it, we are to bury our reason in the chapel yard, and never use it until our bodies are laid along with it in the same grave. Reason is the bright eye of the soul, which moving on the axis of intellectual power, turns in every direction to analyze, combine, compare, and judge of every thing that nature and revelation exhibit to its view. I come now to exercise mine for a little in analyzing the doctrine of transubstantiation. The word is compounded, as every school-boy knows, of *Trans*, over, and *substantia*, substance, or matter; and hence means the *passing or change of one substance into another*. It is of real Latin origin, and belongs exclusively to the Latin Church. The parts are simple in themselves, but mysterious in their union. Mystery has spread her wings over this compound, and hatched it into falsehood, absurdity, blasphemy, idolatry, and everything which is repugnant to reason, religion, and the common sense of mankind. "As

for the meaning of a word," saith Dr. South, "that may shift for itself; and as for the sense and reason of it, that has little or nothing to do here: only let it sound full and round, and chime right to the humour, which is at present agog (just as a big long rattling name is said to command even adoration from a Spaniard,) and no doubt with this powerful, senseless engine, the rabble driver shall be able to carry all before him, or to draw all after him, as he pleases." How applicable is this language to the word now in question! Into the sense and reason of it, or the thing expressed by it, millions have never made the least inquiry. Infallibility forbade this. You wish for a cool, deliberate, and calm inquiry, and on this point you shall have it. You profess to believe that "a change is made of the *whole substance* of the *bread* into the *substance* of the *body* of our Lord Jesus Christ." This is the simplest view with which we can begin. Let me now, Sir direct attention:

1. To the essential properties of matter—every material substance is invested with certain properties or qualities, some of which are primary, and without which it cannot be supposed to exist, and others which are secondary. The primary qualities of every material substance are—1, Solidity. 2, Extension, including length, breadth, and depth. 3, Figure 4, Gravitation or weight. 5, Divisibility. 6, Motion or rest. The secondary qualities are colours, sounds, tastes and odours. No particle of matter however small, or body however modified, can possibly exist without the primary qualities already enumerated. Thus a stick of sealing wax may, by the operation of fire be rendered liquid or reduced to smoke and ashes; and when it has undergone these changes, it loses not one of the primary qualities in its smallest particles, though the secondary ones may have been altered or destroyed. Let these remarks be distinctly understood.

II. The body of Christ was certainly material. It possessed all the primary qualities of matter at his birth, resurrection, and ascension up into glory; and though now it is what is termed a spiritual body, it must still necessarily retain those qualities, however refined and assimilated to a spiritual state of existence. It cannot have lost any of the essential properties which it once enjoyed, or else it would cease to be his real body, nor could our material bodies at the resurrection be said to be made like unto his glorious body. As Christ assumed or took unto him a real body so it had an identity—an individuality distinct from every other body and particular substance. Let us note the following properties, essential to it *alone*, and exclusive of every other individual thing—It *alone* was conceived of the Holy Ghost—was born of the Virgin Mary—was baptised in Jordan—was transfigured on the Mount—sweat blood in Gethsemane's garden—was crucified on the cross—was buried in the new tomb—arose from the dead—appeared to his disciples, when he said "Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as you see me have"—and it *alone* ascended up into heaven, and according to St. Paul's declaration, "Sat down for *ever* on the right hand of God." Here are ten things, out of many more, advanced concerning Christ's body, not one of which could be asserted of any one composition of matter in existence, but of that which constitutes Christ's body alone.

III. The wheat, flour or bread, which is said to be changed into Christ's

body, is as certainly material as any thing in existence. It has all the essential properties of matter ; but has it one individual property which distinguishes Christ's body from every other particular substance in existence ? Observe the origin and process of that which composes the wafer or host. A farmer, perhaps an *heretical* one, sows wheat ; it springs up, ripens, and is cut down ; and after being paid as tithe to an heretical Protestant parson, it is ground, sifted and sold. Part thereof goes to fatten fowl, swine, or human beings, and part is taken, baked, and carried to the altar. There it lies, quite a common thing, unconsecrated and unadored ; but the Priest says ; "*Hoc est corpus meum*," and in one instant it is converted into the body of Christ : it becomes the identical Son of God ! As it is now consecrated and lies there in the form of a wafer, pray Mr. O'Connell, do you believe that that same thing was conceived of the Holy Ghost 1839 years ago ? Was it born of the Virgin Mary ? Was it baptised in Jordan ? Was it transfigured on the Mount ? Did its raiment become white as the light ? Did it ever sweat blood in the garden ? Was it crucified on the cross ? Did it cry out "it is finished !" and gave up the Ghost ? Was it dead and buried ? Did it arise from the dead and appear to the disciples ? Did it say "Handle me and see, for a spirit hath not flesh and bones as ye see me have ?" Pray, did it ascend up into heaven and "sit down for *ever* at the right hand of God," If so, how has it come down now ? See ! there is one on an altar at Derrynane, another at Tralee, another in Limerick, another in Dublin, a fifth in London, and a sixth here in Cork ; how did they all come down from heaven, and yet leave Christ sitting at the right hand of God for ever ? Do you believe that he has seven bodies and that the seven are but one at the same time ? I am sure you cannot and that you do not believe any such thing. It is impossible. You are not a fool. You might as well believe that the North Pole is changed into the South, and the two into one. You might as readily believe that the twelve signs of the Zodiac are all changed into one and that they remain distinct still—that Aries is converted into Taurus, and Taurus into Gemini, &c. and yet they all remain the same as they were before ! Transubstantiation is the greatest of all imaginable absurdities.

IV. As such an astonishing effect is produced by the words of consecration, *hoc est corpus meum*, let us examine into their virtue on this occasion. The Evangelist tells us that our Lord "took *bread* and *blessed* it, and *broke* it, and said, take eat ; *this is my body*." Here, Sir, you perceive our Lord blesses, or consecrates, before he says, "take eat ; this is my body ;" that is, our Lord's consecration was ended before that of the Church of Rome commences ; for her consecration consists in simply saying "this is my body ;" and the instant this is uttered the bread ceases to be bread and becomes the body of Christ substantially without sign or figure. Observe then, the following things. 1. That the Church of Rome, not using the same words which our Lord used, cannot produce the same effect, for suppose he did change the bread into his real body, she cannot ; because she does not use the same words in consecration. 2. That as the unconsecrated wafer lies before the priest, and as he does not consecrate it as our Lord did, it follows that when he says, "this is my body," that he pronounces a piece of unconse-

crated bread to be the body of Christ. 3. That as every cause must exist before its effect is produced, and if the words "this is my body" must be fully uttered before the bread becomes the real body of Christ, it is uncontestedly evident that the Priest, in his unscriptural mode of consecration and change, must pronounce bread to be His body before it can possibly become such. Now, Mr. O'Connell, as you must know something of metaphysics and of philosophy, I appeal to your acuteness on this point. If the change was produced by saying, "this *will* be my body," viz. as soon as the words are uttered, the Church of Rome might make some shew of escape, but as the Priest says of the bread "this is my body," and it cannot be his body until a future instant after the words are uttered, he evidently utters a falsehood in the very words of consecration. Pray Sir, is it bread while the Priest says *hoc est*, "this is?" You answer, it must be so, because the consecration is yet unfinished. Is it bread, while he says *hoc est corpus*, "this is body?" You must acknowledge it still is, because the consecration is yet incomplete. Is it bread, while, he says, *hoc est corpus meum*? You must confess it is, because a certain portion of time is just necessary to pronounce the final *m*, in order to complete *meum*, or "my," as a certain portion is necessary, in order to read a paragraph. Now, suppose the priest took five minutes to pronounce every letter in the sentence, *hoc est corpus meum*, I should wish to know, whether the wafer be partly changed into the real body of Christ, before he utters the final *m*? If any change has taken place, how far does it extend? If no change is yet effected during the five minutes, that the letter *m* is not uttered, does it not follow, that the whole virtue of the consecration is lodged in that letter? If so, the priests, henceforth, have only to pronounce the letter *m*, and the wafer is at once changed into the body, blood, soul, and divinity of the Saviour of the world! But the priest has now uttered every letter, and the very instant he did so—observe the very instant and not till then, the change took place; and hence, it is evident, that according to your own creed, he had completely, really, and absolutely pronounced bread, and nothing else, to be the body of Christ, and consequently, transubstantiation being effected by a lie, we cannot expect much good to result from it. Can a lie in the consecration produce the sanctified body of Christ? No doubt you will agree with me in saying it cannot, and hence, when the priest after this process, holds it up saying, "*Ecce Agnus Dei qui tollit mundi peccata*," "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world"—and when the whole congregation fall down to worship it, with the highest worship due to God, according to the Council of Trent, do they not worship a piece of bread consecrated by a falsehood? Pray, Sir, is not this idolatry? If not; what is it? The priest in this case utters no consecration prayer; he only pronounces the thing to be so. He says, let there be light, and he would make the world believe it shines at his fiat. To pray would not be consistent with this creator—of Gods. He acts as if he were Christ, and hence his consecration and his mighty conversion of bread into body, must just be according to his fancy—a vile, blasphemous conceit; for the host is just as much the priests body, as it is the body of Christ. Behold in this, the chief trait in the character of the Man of Sin! He exalteth himself above all that is called God. Our Lord at the last supper, could not change the bread which he held in his hand into his own natural

body ; because the existence of his body prevented the possibility ; but the priest pretends to do, what he could not ; and hence, he places himself above Jesus Christ.

Pray now, Mr. O'Connell, do you believe in this dogma ? Do you believe the priest can do what Christ could not—that his false consecration effects more than Christ's blessing did ? You say you do. Hold, Sir ! you only say it, and say it because you fancy it. Your imagination and will are concerned in the matter : your understanding has nothing to do with it. Let St. Paul now speak to you ; hear him for once. Speaking of the Man of Sin—of the succession of host-makers, he says of those who profess their faith in such absurdities—"They received not the *love* of the *truth* that they might be saved. And for *this cause* God shall send them *strong delusion*, that they should *believe a lie*." If you do not believe this absurdity, what shall we say to your professions ? If you do believe it, you are then deluded by the just judgment of God, who often punishes one sin by another. How simple is the institution of Christ ! The bread and wine of the sacrament are consecrated as a joint token, figure and commemoration of his broken body and shed blood for the sins of mankind, until his coming again ; but your church, Sir, has separated, altered and destroyed this holy ordinance for the vilest purposes of priestcraft—that she might have masses for the living and the dead—that she might have masses for sick men, aye, and even for sick animals—that she might say masses for a good draught of fishes, as you know is done, for instance at the river Loun, not far from yourself, when the fishermen club and pay the priest for celebrating a mass in their behalf. This is done regularly every season. Is not this selling Christ for so many pieces of silver ? what pretensions, then, I would ask, has your church to belong to christianity at all ? Since the year 1216, when transubstantiation was finally established by the Council of Lateran, she totally renounced christianity and confirmed her recantation in the Council of Trent. According to this cursing council, she has not the sign, or figure of Christ's body—she curses all who believe this ; and according to common sense, to reason, and to scripture, she has not the substance of his body, and therefore, being destitute of both sign and substance, she is not of the Church of Christ. Hence she has no authority, no ministerial succession, no commission from God. She is a complete and total apostate. God has branded her so in the very front—"Mother of Harlots"—"Forbidding to marry, commanding to abstain from meats." Here are her characteristics as a church. Individuals within her pale may hear or read the truth and of course be saved, but it is not by her priesthood or sacraments this comes ; for she has none. Transubstantiation is the internal, mystical, and doctrinal mark of a total departure from the faith, the same as those mentioned are external and evident to every one.—Thus she mocks Christ in pretending to make him, runs from him by trying to bring him near, debases him by idolatrous honour, degrades him in the elevation of her host, destroys the hypostatic union between his divinity and humanity by uniting him to millions of parched cakes at the same time, denies the virtue and merits of his sacrifice by making a repetition of it, contradicts his Spirit, which says, "he sat down for *ever* at the right hand of God," by pretending to bring him down upon thousands of altars, and in fact, causes him to be received into the

mouth instead of the heart ; and thus makes the muscles of a man's jaws become a substitute for believing, and thereby renounces the doctrine of salvation by faith, and destroys the terms of the new covenant. The truth is ; this abominable tenet transubstantiates everything connected with it. It turns sight, feeling, taste, and smell into faith, by making a man believe Christ is present in the wafer, contrary to the evidence of sense ; it turns faith into sight by exhibiting him to the eye, who can only be viewed by faith ; it resolves reason into imagination, and imagination into absurdity, and the belief of a lie ; while it changes love into hatred of all who call the worship of the Host idolatry, and transforms zeal into a fierce devouring flame of persecution, against those who adhere to the reason, sense, and the simplicity of the scriptures.

I must now conclude this epistle, Sir, although I have by no means finished my argument on transubstantiation. I will return to it in one letter more at least.—In the meantime praying, that what I have now written may inspire you with a desire for hearing more on the subject, and may tend to open the eyes of thousands of our deluded countrymen.

I am, your obedient servant,

Cork, September 19th, 1839.

DANIEL M'AFEE.

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., M.P.

SIR.—A Writer calling himself "Charles O'Connell," appears in your behalf against me in the columns of the *Cork Standard* of Wednesday last. What or who he is I cannot tell, but I suppose he fancies there is some kind of talismanic virtue in the name, that will either frighten me out of the field, or divert me away from you. He is mistaken, Sir, in this. I object to enter the list with this person for the following reasons :—1, because his name is *Charles* and hence he is but a mere *pretender* and intruder on this occasion. What business has he to interfere between you and me ? Has he not brains enough to conclude, that when you are afraid to come forward, he will have but small chance of success ? 2, The calibre of his fire-arms is too diminutive for me either to dread or to meet his attack ; it is but a mere pop-gun, not much larger in the bore than the big O which stands before his name. 3, I apprehend that the muzzle is spiked, and if he be let alone he will soon fall by his own weapon, childish as it is. 4, In the volley that he has fired there is nothing but smoke ; there is no strength of thought, no power of reason, no point or force, and his letter reminds me of a beggar's cloak, made up of shreds and patches. Had it not been for the borrowed powder he could scarcely have heard the report of his own gun. I am obliged to this boyish antagonist, however, for one question which he asks—namely, "What is a Protestant ?" The answer to this will conclude my introduction to this letter, and bring you and me at once into argument again on transubstantiation.

An old countryman in the north of Ireland once said to a person in my hearing, "Do you know what the old popish wives now say through the country ?" The other replied, "I do not." "Well then," said he, "they say that God Almighty is a Protestant." Being struck with the peculiarity of the declaration, I enquired, "why do they say so ?" He said, their

reason for thinking so was this—that a great many plots and schemes were got up among them, time after time—the Protestants knew nothing of them, not being admitted into the secret—the thing was always discovered—the Romanists would not tell on themselves—it must be the Almighty that told it; and therefore, they inferred that he must be a Protestant.” However quaint and unique this assertion may appear, I think its truth is evident from better premises. We can only know His will by His Word. He that inspired his apostle John to write, “Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partaker of her sins,” must surely be a Protestant, or one that protests against Popery. St. Paul was one, for he wrote, “Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron. **FORBIDDING TO MARRY, AND COMMANDING TO ABSTAIN FROM MEATS.**” St. Peter was a Protestant, for he wrote, “There is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved, but the name of Jesus Christ.” He discarded all idea of popish mediators. The great multitude of the saved before the throne are Protestants, for one of the Elders said, “These are they which came out of great tribulation and *have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*” All these protest against justification by works instead of faith—against penances, priestly absolutions and purgatory. The angels of heaven are Protestants; for they sing before the throne, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and glory, and honour, and blessing,” and hence they abhor idolatry and saint-worship. Every man on earth, who holds Christ alone as the head of his Church, and receives the Scriptures as the infallible rule of faith, is a Protestant. Thus you see, Mr. O’Connell, there is a goodly number of Protestants in the wide empire of existence. There is not the slightest doubt of the ultimate triumph of Protestant principles. Every creature in the visible or invisible world, who unites with God in his testimony against idolatry, superstition, ignorance of the scriptures, salvation by works, purgatory, which detracts from the merits of Christ’s blood, is a Protestant; and all who refuse to do so are enemies to Him, to heaven, and to true religion. Whether you and your compeer—the “pretender” be on the side of heaven or not, let the public judge. Let us now turn our attention to transubstantiation and develope the mysteries of this absurdity a little more.

When Cardinal Perron was asked by some of his friends in his last sickness, what he thought of Transubstantiation? He replied, “it is a monster.” And when they enquired how he came to write so learnedly and copiously about it? He answered, “that he had done the utmost which his wit and parts had enabled him, to color over this abuse and render it plausible; but that he had acted like those who employ their whole force to defend an ill cause.” Innumerable writers and speakers have done the same thing. You did it in your letter to the Rev. Mr. Daly. As a jeweller grinds true diamonds to powder, that he may polish false ones with the dust; so the native energies of reason have been employed to defend absurdity. What a pity that this false system of Popery directed reason, from its first rise, into a wrong channel. The madness, the silliness—the

imbecility of reason is exhibited more in embracing and defending transubstantiation, than any other dogma of the Popish Church. In my last letter, I proved to the satisfaction of every enquiring mind, that our Lord's natural body having all the known properties of matter, had a distinct individuality from any other body—that the wafer, being a distinct individual thing in itself, formed by another process, could not be his body; and that the words of consecration are a falsehood in the very act of utterance. I now, Sir, proceed without further introduction to observe:—

V.—That as the very act of consecration is a falsehood on the principles of the Council of Trent, so it is impossible for the result of this act to be true. The Priest says *hoc est corpus meum*, and in an instant the bread is changed into his body, *without any appearance* of the change. Mark the constituent parts of this mock miracle; for a mock miracle it is. 1.—The bread is turned into a true, real, and substantial body. 2.—This body is the natural and glorified body of Christ. 3.—This natural and now glorified body still retains the appearance of bread, the smell of bread, the feeling of bread, and the taste of bread. 4.—This bread in appearance, &c. being the body of Christ, is now seated on the right hand of God, although it is there on the altar. 5.—All the faithful are bound to believe this, under the anathema of the Council of Trent.—Your church, Sir, is a very peculiar one indeed. She must have every thing in her own way, and out of the way of truth. She must have miracles of her own.—This is her standing one. It is like Aron's rod with her, always budding, blossoming, and bearing fruit. It is a perpetual proof of her priesthood, not as successors of the Apostles, but as apostates from the faith. Compare this, Sir, with a true miracle. It is a *sensible, or visible display* of *Divine power* in *performing something* that is either *above or contrary* to the *laws of nature*, and this is *always done* for the *confirmation of truth*, or for the *glory of God* as the *Governor* of the world. Take the water turned into wine for instance. There was not a change of one substance into another, but of the qualities of water into those of wine. The change was evident to the eye, and to the taste. In transubstantiation there is no visible change whatever. The thing is asserted in opposition to the evidence of sense; and if it be true, those of our Lord and the Apostles must be false. It directly undermines the miraculous evidence of the gospel; it is a solemn mockery of the institution of the sacrament—of the miracles of the gospel, and of the character of God. It is a butment of falsehood for the support of error and corruption. Consider what the thing would be, if a real miracle were wrought. If, when the priest pronounces the words of consecration, the bread was actually changed into the form of a human being, and this appeared evident to the eye of every one in every age, there would then be a real miracle. If, in addition to this, his head and hair were white like wool or snow, his eyes like flaming fire, his feet like burnished brass, his voice like the sound of many waters, and his countenance like the sun shining in his strength, we should then have evidence to conclude, that the bread was really changed into a body like unto our Lord Jesus Christ. But see the wafer after the change! it is a wafer still. It is destitute of the life and animation of a human being, and much more so of the life and immortality of Christ. It has the figure, size, taste, smell and colour of bread. It can neither see, nor hear, nor speak, nor move,

nor walk, nor stand, nor sit, nor elevate itself for the people to worship: I appeal to your conscience, Mr. O'Connell, is it not akin to the idols of the heathen? It differs in form and qualities from those things repeatedly exhibited by Missionaries on their return from idolatrous countries; but, does it not agree with them in senseless incapacities far more than in its resemblance to the Son of God? If it be a figure of his broken body, then there is no change of substance; and if it be really the Redeemer of the world, how comes it to bear more affinity in its qualities and capabilities to the idols condemned in the Scriptures?

VI.—Suppose, now, Mr. O'Connell, that the priest wrought a true miracle, and actually from the substance of the bread produced a real body in the figure of a man, and like unto Christ in all things; still, that body could not be the body of Christ, nor any other body or substance whatever, but the individual substance of the bread, formed into a new mode of existence.—That such a thing could be effected by the power of God, we can as easily believe, as that Lot's wife was changed into a pillar of salt, the rod of Moses into a serpent, water into wine, or the clay, which our Lord put upon the eyes of the blind man, into the chrystalline humour, or any other part of the eye, where the substance was worn away. All these changes are agreeable to reason; but it would be directly repugnant to reason—to your reason, Mr. O'Connell, or to mine, or even to the reason of a priest, however vitiated from infancy, to fancy that Lot's wife was changed into *another* pillar of salt, which stood on the plain for ages before she was born; or to imagine, that the rod of Moses was turned into *another* serpent, that had a distinct and independent existence of its own. It is very easy to believe, that our Lord turned the water contained in the six pots into wine; but you cannot even fancy, that He changed it into wine contained in six other pots, suppose they stood filled before He wrought the miracle. Changing water into wine, and clay into the humour of the eye which was destroyed, did not imply a change of one substance into another substance; but a mere change of the form and qualities of the same substance. Here, Sir, is the very essence of the error of transubstantiation—the change of *one substance* into *another*. Every material thing is necessarily of one and the same substance, and every individual thing has an identity and individuality, which, is necessarily its own, and, which cannot possibly belong to any other thing existing. The ball A of lead for instance, cannot be changed into the ball B. Suppose both are of equal weight, but the one is a sphere and the other a cube; it is possible to change the one into the shape or figure of the other; but it is absolutely impossible to change the one into the individual substance of the other; for this simple reason, that God has given to each an identity and individuality of its own; and the very existence of each, precludes the possibility. To give a lively illustration.—Because Father Maguire exists, you could not be changed into him, and because you exist, he could not be changed into you. Suppose, however, that Mr. Gregg annihilated his person, as he did his arguments and boasting, and that he ceased to exist, it would be impossible for you to be changed into his substance, because he is an individual substance no more. View this point in every possible form, and you *must* come to the conclusion, I defy your reason to resist it, that the changing of one substance into another, is an actual and absolute im-

possibility in its own nature. It is contrary to truth—to nature—to existence—to the identity of individual bodies, and hence to the wisdom and infinite power of the Divine Being. This you know, Sir, is the *ne plus ultra* of every Jesuit on this subject. God can do every thing, therefore, he can convert the substance of the bread into the substance of Christ's body. The wisdom and omnipotence of God, prevented the possibility of this by giving to each an individual existence. Pray, Mr. O'Connell, could omnipotence make the moon? A school boy will answer, it is impossible,—simply, because he made her already. God cannot work contradictions; transubstantiation involves a contradiction, and an absolute absurdity. Where is it now? The breath of reason blows up the bubble and exhibits the empty absurdity.

Hail infallible Council of Trent, that would damn you or me to all eternity, for not believing an absurdity—an actual impossibility—that one substance could be changed into another substance—that a piece of bread on earth is the identical body of our Lord in heaven! Who can fail in admiring the intellect, the theological information and the deep metaphysical acuteness of those infallibles who composed the Council of Trent in the sixteenth century! Come now Mr. O'Connell, throw aside your gravity and let us have a hearty laugh together at their absurdity. They meet and sing masses, and argue, and plan, and curse, and damn the human intellect to the regions of misery, for not believing a doctrine which confounds unity and plurality, identity and diversity—a doctrine which is an absolute contradiction and impossibility—"the change of the substance of the bread into Christ's body"—a doctrine which amounts to the same thing as if you could be in London and in Derrynane at the same instant—could be fasting in the one place and feasting in the other—could be sitting in the one place and lying in the other—could be standing in the one place and walking in the other—could be healthy in the one place and sick in the other—could be living in the one place and dead in the other; and that wishing to visit your own self and devise some new plan for a repeal of the union, you left London for Kerry and on arriving at Cork, you met your own ghost bitterly lamenting the falsehood of popery and the cheat which was put upon your country, and hearing for the first time, that you were dead, you repaired to Derrynane, became chief mourner at your own funeral and had the great pleasure of seeing half-a-dozen *shanamana* (old women) join the procession, and after howling for a while *out of pure grief*, as is not uncommon in Kerry, turning round to yourself and saying, "Pray Sir, do you know who is dead?" This is truly ridiculous and absurd indeed, but not more so than the Trent creed, which you profess to believe—the change of one substance into another.

VII. Consider your faith, Sir, again in another point of view. Give this keilidescope which contains all the absurdities of your church and of human imagination, a new turn; and see what comes up next. In No. 3 of the extract from the Trent Council noted in my last, we read, "If any one shall deny, that in the adorable sacrament of the Eucharist, *whole* Christ is contained in *each* element or species, and in the *separate parts* of *each* element or species, a *separation* being made, let him be acursed;" or as it is expressed in a work entitled, "A profession of the Catholic Faith," that Christ is "*whole and entire under every particle as under the whole*

without being *divided* or *multiplied*, and *without ceasing to be in heaven.*" Now, Sir, if you believe this, and believe it you do, if we receive your profession—and believe it you must, or be subject to the dreadful curse of this cursing Council of your cursing church ; it necessarily follows then, that you believe :—

1, In opposition to one of the first maxims of mathematical science—that a part is equal to the whole. Let the wafer, and it can easily be done, be divided into 4, 8, or 16 sections, and as each section contains the body of Christ entire, and as the whole only contains his body, it follows, that any one part must be equal to the whole, and of course, that the one-fourth is equal to the one-eight, and also to the one-sixteenth part at the same time. On the same principle, a quadrant of a circle is equal to the whole circle, Ireland is equal to the whole globe, Kerry county to Ireland, and Derrynane Abbey to the whole county, and in fact to the universe itself. What a strange faith is your's, Sir ; it narrows and contracts at pleasure ! It sides with or opposes reason and common sense, with the utmost pliability. It is no wonder it makes your arguments like the whims of a hypochondriac. A faith, which leads you in point of principle, to believe, that your toe is as large as your foot, your finger as great as your hand, and that your nose is of equal dimensions with your whole face, is not, to say the least of it, of a very scientific character. But then it is advanced by the Trent divines, and they curse you if you do not abide in it. What pretty philosophers these gentlemen were ! The Alchymists were but fools to them. They sought the philosophers' stone in the secrets of nature, and failed to discover it ; but the infallibles of Trent found it out in religion so called, for transubstantiation turns all it touches into gold ! Let the peasantry of the country act on this principle, that a part is equal to the whole ; and in relation to both dues and tribute money, let them transubstantiate sovereigns into shillings, shillings into pence, and pence into farthings, and they will soon rid the country of popery and agitation.

2, By professing this dogma, you equally confound unity and plurality. In the former instance, your creed Mr. O'Connell, destroyed the foundation of all mathematical science, and now it makes an attack on common arithmetic, and even on vulgar fractions. Take care you do not raise up the schoolmasters and merchants of the community against you. See, there the wafer is ready to be consecrated by the Priest. It is now about to be transubstantiated into Christ's body. Now, the change must either be effected on the *whole* at *once* ; or else it must commence at *one* particle of the *bread* and so proceed to *another*. If the *whole* be changed at *once* into his *body* ; then *one* particle cannot possibly contain the *whole body*, seeing that *not* one particle but the whole was changed into his body ; and hence it is false to say, "that his body is as entire under one particle as under the whole." If, however, one particle be first changed, and so the change proceeds to the whole ; it incontestibly follows—that there was one body of Christ *entire* before the second was changed ; and two bodies under the first and second before the third was changed ; three bodies under the first second and third before the fourth was changed ; and four bodies under the first, second, third and fourth before the fifth was changed ; and if according to the infinite divisibility of matter, the wafer be capable of division *ad infinitum*, it would require the application of the fluxionary cal-

culus to determine the number of bodies contained in that piece of paste, and yet after all there is but one body! Forgive me, Mr. O'Connell, for this minute and searching scrutiny into your faith. It is not my wish by any means to trifle with divine things and if I am constrained to mention the body of the Saviour in this manner, let this be my apology that your creed degrades it, and I wish by every legitimate argument to free you and others from this monstrous absurdity.

3. Your faith in this point of view subjects you to a very awkward dilemma. If you renounce it you are cursed by your church; if you continue in it, you must rank with some ancient heretics, and be subject to the curse pronounced on such in the word of God. The Basilideans and Valentians in the time of the Apostles taught that Christ had only the *appearance* of a man; but was not *such* in *reality* being destitute of a true human body. St. John wrote against those heretics, when, he says, "That which we have *heard*, which we have *looked* upon, and our *hands* have *handled* of the word of life." Now, Sir, if the least particle of the bread contains Christ's body, as you believe it does; it is evident, according to the infinite divisibility of matter, that the least possible particle or monad must approach infinitely near to a mathematical point, which is destitute of parts; and consequently, that Christ's body, according to the wise men of Trent is infinitely near to nothing at all! Thus your creed robs the Saviour's body of its proper quantum of matter, its size and dimensions; and places you, the Council of Trent, and every Romanist, with the old heretics, who denied, he had any body whatever. In fact, it would be the easiest task imaginable to shew, that the mystery of Popish iniquity has raked into her creed the heresies of every age from the beginning of Christianity down till the period of the Council of Trent; and that it stands associated by kindred ties with the religion of the ancient Gentiles, the modern Heathens, and that of the false prophet Mahomet.

VIII.—You and I, Sir, must now read a short chapter on *accidents* and *substance*. Here it will be found that your creed is equally repugnant to the philosophy of mind—that we may burn the writings of Locke, Reed, Stewart, Browne, &c., along with the Bible. These have shewn us that we know nothing of substance; but by its qualities—that wherever these are, it necessarily must be. When the wafer is consecrated your creed tells us that the accidents remain; that is, the figure, length, breadth, depth, taste, odour, and colour, of the bread, but its substance is changed into Christ's body. I have proved in No. VI. the absolute impossibility of one substance being changed into another substance.* If, therefore, the substance of the bread remain after consecration, the substance of Christ's body cannot possibly be there, and the wafer is bread—still; if the substance of the bread pass away and Christ's body be substituted in its place, it is beyond doubt that the accidents of the bread, which still remain, cannot be the accidents or qualities of his body, it being a distinct substance, and hence, it follows; that the accidents of the bread remain without their substance, viz., there is roundness without anything round, colour without anything that shews it, taste without anything to be tasted, odour without anything odoriferous, length without anything long, breadth without anything broad, depth without anything deep. On this principle we may have birth without anything born, life without anything

living, death without anything dead, and in fact, we may have sickness without anything sick, sight without anything seeing, halting without a leg, poverty without anything poor, begging without a beggar, even when you are dead, an eclipse of the moon without the moon and *transubstantiation without anything changed*.

Observe again, sir, the marked difference between a true and a mock miracle—a miracle of the Church of Christ, and one of the Church of Rome. In a true miracle the *accidents* of the substance are changed, as in the instance of Lot's wife, the rod of Moses, the water turned into wine, and the Nile into blood; in this false miracle the *substance* is changed forsooth into another substance; but the *accidents remain without change*. Now, granting for sake of argument, that the substance of Christ's body is found under the accidents of the bread or of the wine; it will then follow 1. That the body of Christ can be poisoned; for Pope Victor III. was poisoned in the chalice of the Mass by his sub-deacon, having occupied the chair of St. Peter but ten months. The Emperor Henry VII. was poisoned by the Host; and the same is related by Matthew Paris, concerning Henry Archbishop of York. 2. If Christ's body remain under the accidents of the bread—then his body may fall, may be stolen, may be cast into the mire, may be lost, may become old, may turn stale and mouldy, and, as it is acknowledged by Suarez, may breed worms: 3. If the wine contain his body, being then in a liquid state, it may be spilled or frozen. It may thus undergo a new process and become ice, then be dissolved, and if subjected to the action of fire, be raised to any heat a liquid is capable of sustaining.—Such are the monstrous absurdities of this doctrine. It is decidedly the most absurd which ever was invented by the corrupt imagination of fallen man.

IX.—The Apostle in writing to the Galatians—says, chap. iv. 8, “Howbeit then, when ye knew not God, ye did service unto them which by *nature are no gods*.” And in his Epistle to the Romans, chap. i. 25, he says, speaking of the Gentiles, “They *changed* the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four footed beasts, and creeping things.” Now, sir, the consecrated Host stands professedly different from all this, inasmuch, as it is in your creed not an image or idol, but the body, blood, soul, and divinity of the Son of God. The soul and divinity are connected with it to avoid the charge of idolatry. It is a new and distinct species of idol, however, different in several respects from the idols of the Gentiles. Permit me now to ask whether it be God by nature or not? Our Lord Jesus Christ was God by nature, because in His divinity He is of the *essence* of the Father, and is “God of God, light of light.” He is God-man by *nature*, because of the hypostatical union of the divine nature with the human. The human nature of Christ never existed one iota of time without union with the divine. It is on this ground he is to be worshipped in his glorious humanity. The worship of the Host is idolatry, because it is not God by nature. This is evident:—1st. Because it existed in substantial form before it could be connected with the divinity. 2. It is professed to be the body of Christ, *not by birth* but by *consecration*. 3. The very term “*changed*” used by the Council of Trent, proves it to be distinct from Christ, “who is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever,” and classifies it with the idols of the Gentiles,

with this difference, that they, according to the apostle, "*changed* the glory of the uncorruptible God into an image," &c.; whereas the Church of Rome goes beyond them infinitely far in pretending to "*change*" a piece of *corruptible bread* into the *very body* of the *incorruptible God*." 4th. The human soul of Jesus Christ, which in its own nature is simple, conscious, and incapable of division or multiplication, was not united by *nature* but professedly by *consecration* to the substance of the bread. This would be to multiply or divide the soul, to separate consciousness and spiritual essence into parts, or to give Christ millions of human souls, as well as bodies, while at the same time, the soul of Christ can only inhabit one body—that body and soul sat down for ever at the right hand of God—where the soul of Christ is, the divinity is united to it alone, and cannot be united in the same manner to any other soul; and hence, as the consecrated Host, neither contains his body, nor his soul; it cannot possibly contain his divinity; and, therefore, to worship it, is gross idolatry in the sight of God.

Now, Sir, you and your adherents may raise the cry of uncharitableness if you please. It is reason, common sense, and scripture, and not blind charity that is now concerned. What has true charity to do with error but to hate it, and arouse reason to oppose it? You invited me, forsooth! and all the "undignified Wesleyans," as you lately termed us, to join with you in worshipping the Host. Infatuated blindness! Worship it henceforth at your peril! Answer my arguments to the satisfaction of your reason and conscience before you bow to it once more.

In the meantime, Sir, I will reserve my views on the mighty evils and abuse of the human intellect, which naturally arises from the reception of this dogma for my next letter.

I am, Sir, as formerly, your obedient servant,
Cork, Sept. 21st 1839.

DANIEL M'AFEE.

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., M. P.

SIR,—I am credibly informed that you lately applied to a priest in this neighbourhood to furnish you, if in his power, with a copy of Father O'Leary's letters, your own having fallen aside from which you concocted the fine story about Mr. Wesley and the Protestant Association. If the old Friar had possessed as much honesty as would individually have distinguished him from his order, it would have been a happy circumstance for you as a public man, for then he would not have committed the forgery, which now, fifty-nine years after it was issued in the shape of a letter, has proved a man-trap into which you set your foot, and were caught, in no very enviable situation, as a vender of stolen goods, and an utterer of a base forgery. No doubt you wrote your letters to the Wesleyans in high glee, and fancied you were sinking the character of the founder in public estimation for ever; but all this time you did not know your foot was in the trap, until I made the discovery; and on looking down calmly you found it fastened to you, without a possibility of shaking it off. Whether you now hunt upon the mountains, go to mass, drive through the country, visit the Corn Exchange, repair to parliament, or stand upon a balcony to

make a speech in favour of repeal—*alias* the tribute-money—let the populace only look at your feet, and they will perceive you standing in Father O'Leary's trap. Nay, more—Mr. O'Connell, since the 8th of August, on which my first letter appeared, you have stood in the pillory before the nation, bearing the iniquity of O'Leary in addition to your own, which the world knows was great enough without that also of an old Friar on your back. Your friends pity you, your enemies laugh at you, and no one has come to your relief. You have been assailed with facts and arguments as hard as balls of steel, but being encased in the old Friar's armour, you have not yet yielded, or shewn the compunction which might have been expected from a man of such *great candour* as you profess, not to say anything of your *christianity*. Shall we take this application for O'Leary's book as a token of repentance on your part? and may the public expect that, on second thoughts and another perusal, you will acknowledge the fraud, and hold up the memory of the Friar as an object of detestation to every honest heart in the community? I am perfectly sure, Mr. O'Connell, you will do no such thing. Even in the pillory, and with your foot in the trap, if you speak at all, it will only be to reiterate the false charges and justify the crime. If so, you must then rebut the facts and arguments which I have adduced. To take any other course will only plunge you deeper in the mire. You must—1. Shew that O'Leary's letter was no forgery, and then you stand confronted with the testimony of Mr. Wesley :—“ The second of those letters is not mine—I never saw it before.” 2. You must prove that you treated poor Shanahan with great courtesy and kindness. 3. That FORBIDDING TO MARRY, and COMMANDING TO ABSTAIN FROM MEATS, has not the slightest reference to your church. 4. That she has not taken away the cup in the Eucharist, and the second commandment. 5. That her popes were a race of pious, good men, like yourself and Father Maguire; and that the church was never antinomian, especially in selling indulgences. 6. That transubstantiation is a doctrine of good common sense, reason, philosophy, religion, and scripture. Here is your task, why are you not at it? The reason is plain: you can no more do it, than you could pull down the moon and turn her into a grindstone, for the purpose of manufacturing wafers for your would-be Lord Bishops to consecrate, at the opening of the new Chapel on Pope's-quay in this City. I am here reminded of a curious passage in the writings of Bishop Burnett, which you will forgive the trouble of reading, as it stands associated with the idea of grinding the most unique gods in the universe. “ I had a mind to see,” says the bishop, “ a picture, that, as I was told, is over one of the popish altars in Worms, which, one would think, was invented by the enemies of transubstantiation, to make it appear ridiculous. There is a windmill, and the Virgin throws Christ into the hopper, and he comes out at the eye of the mill all in wafers, which some priests take to give to the people.” I should wish very much to have seen this picture—I think I might have suggested an improvement. The artist should have painted the popes as blowing the mill round with their breath, and hence there could be no failure of a sufficient number of deities in a calm day. No doubt, however, but the blind votaries in Worms, admired and venerated this altar-piece, as a most exquisite display of genius in developing the power of the Church. Still there are some suspicions which attach to the

artist. Why did he not depict the priests as casting in wafers and bringing out gods?—Perhaps, he knew this would not answer the designs of priestcraft, seeing, if they were put in wafers they must come out again in the same form; and thus lose the effect of producing impression. I have demonstrated to you, Mr. O'Connell, that what the wafers are in going into the popish hopper, they are just the same in coming out—that there is no change—no miracle—nothing but monstrous absurdity: and now, according to promise, I must finish my remarks on this dogma, by shewing a few results, that necessarily accompany and proceed from it.

1. You are perfectly aware, Sir, that it has involved dispute among Romanists in what department of your church infallibility is concentrated. Some say, in the Pope; others in Councils; many in Councils and Popes united; and some simply in the Church. Here I must agree with the latter, and help them out of this difficulty against their opponents. If by the church we are to understand the body of the faithful—those who receive the Eucharist, it is evident that infallibility is lodged in the whole without exception. The reason is plain, even to a child; for if each recipient in the Church of Rome, receives in the eucharist not only the body and blood, but the soul and divinity of our Lord Jesus Christ, he or she must necessarily be infallible, and cannot possibly err. Such, therefore, have no need of the Scriptures—nor of the Priest—after the first reception. You yourself, Sir, must participate in this benefit; and hence, your zeal in endeavouring to convert the people of England to infallibility. This is a short, but sure method of guarding against error in religion. When a man once becomes infallible, he has no need for Scripture, history, philosophy, or reason as a guide in church matters; for whatever he says, must be right and true, although facts and testimony unexceptionable prove the contrary. For instance, you say, in your “Address to the people of England,” guided it is true by Judge Halliburton and Miss Martineau—two very competent judges, “that *all* the people of the United States, will soon be catholics”—and this *must* be true, because you received the eucharist, and are infallible! although an Almanac published in the States announces only 800,000 Romanists out of a population of better than 14½ millions. Again, you tell us that Protestantism “has lost all expansive power,” at the same time, its power of expansion never was so great since the time of the Apostles—witness the Bible, Missionary, Sunday School and Tract Societies. Now, in opposition to this, what you say must be true; for having got the eucharist you are now infallible! The Rev. R. Gleig contradicts the inference which you drew from his premises and says, he never advanced the monstrous opinion, which you attributed to him, “that there is no such thing as religious principle anywhere except within the pale of the Romish Church.” No matter for this he *must* be wrong, and you *must* be right, for you, having got the eucharist are infallible! Again, you mention six or seven men of note, who according to your statement, are just become converts to Popery; and a writer in one of the London papers proves that some of those are dead thirty years ago. You have the advantage over this gentleman also; and in fact over every one who may oppose you, because having received the eucharist you are now infallible!

2. If a man receives the body, blood, soul, and divinity in the eucharist, he must be impeccable or incapable of sinning, as well as infallible. It is

absurd to suppose otherwise. How can he drop into sin, who has the fulness of the divinity dwelling within him? The Church of Rome therefore must be holy. Hence, it is no sin in her to lie, cheat, swear, or break the Sabbath. It can be no sin in you, for instance, after Mass and Sacrament to listen to the amusing strains of Sullivan the family piper on a Sunday evening at Derrynane. It must delight you most assuredly, and make your Irish heart leap for joy to hear him play, "The green flag flying," and "No king but Charley," as these are known to be among your favourite tunes, even on a Sabbath evening. Such things would be sinful in a Protestant, but in you, with the divinity dwelling within you, sin is no sin—you may act as you please. The eucharist exalts you above rule. Sin and wickedness are virtues in a Romanist, on this principle.

3. According to this abominable tenet, Sir, are not the following inferences perfectly legitimate? Can you deny they naturally and simply arise from the fact that the whole body, blood, soul, and divinity are received by the faithful in the eucharist? Do not fault my reason for making them, but your church for giving me the premises. That as each recipient has whole Christ dwelling within him; so he is equal to the Blessed Virgin, and therefore should pray to her no more—That as each on receiving the eucharist has more of divinity within than an archangel, or any of the first born sons of light, so there should be an end to prayers sent up to angels. That as those who receive are incapable of sinning, let them act as they may; so they are great fools for doing penances, making confessions, and receiving priestly absolution, seeing each is as great, as holy, and as infallible as the priest.—That as the stomach is more immediately in contact with the Divinity within, each Romanist may be looked upon as a living temple of Deity, and this function of the human frame, may be considered the most holy place, being typified by the *sanctum sanctorum* in the temple of Solomon. That as the *veronica*—a handkerchief on which it is believed Christ imprinted the likeness of his face before his ascension was worshiped with the worship of *Latria*; so you, the priest, or any other Romanist, is more worthy of the same worship, being the highest in your church, because the body, blood, soul, and divinity are within, when once the eucharist is received. Can you deny these conclusions? Not if you believe transubstantiation.

4. This extraordinary piece of absurdity is more degrading to Christ, sir, than any other of the popish inventions. It debases him in a manner not only offensive to piety and reason, but to the native delicacy of humanity. To prove this it is only necessary to quote from the Mass-book revised by Pope's authority. There is, in the commencement, a treatise on the defects that happen in the mass where these rules as stated by Du Moulin are found in the third chapter.—"If the consecrated host vanish away by some accident, as if it be carried away with the wind or some miracle, or eaten up by some beast, and can't be found, then let another be consecrated."—That is if one God be lost make another! Again in the tenth chapter: "If a fly or spider fall into the chalice, (or blood) and that the Priest's stomach rise not against it, and fear not any danger thereby, let him swallow the fly or spider with the blood." Again, "If in winter the blood do freeze in the chalice, let the chalice be wrapped up in hot cloths;" and again, "If the

Priest vomit up the *Eucharist*, and that the *species* appear *whole*, they must be chewed again with reverence; unless the stomach should loath them. For then the consecrated species must be carefully severed, and put into a sacred place, and after that be cast into the shrine wherein relics are kept." On these disgusting and impious extracts let us make the following remarks:—Here the body of Christ is subject to a variety of accident, suffering and action. He who made the wind may be carried away by it.—He who governs all things by the council of his own will, may be subject to the common accidents, that befall a piece of bread.—He may be eaten by a mouse, or any of the meanest reptiles, that he himself created.—He who is always at the right hand of the Father, governing his Church and the world, may be lost and never found.—He who gave the Priest a power to change the wine into his body, blood, soul, and divinity, is so careless of himself, that he permits a spider to fall into his blood, and does not save the poor Priest from the dread of swallowing it.—He, who beams with the highest glory in Heaven, does not prevent himself on earth, from being frozen at one time and thawed at another.—He, who appears on the great white throne, like a Jasper and a Sardine stone—holy and incorruptible, is to descend, if this abominable doctrine be true, into the stomach of a Priest, which from various causes rejects the deity, while his body is "carefully severed" (from what?) and laid up as a *mere relic* with a piece of the Virgin Mary's veil, a toe of St. Thomas à Becket or some trinket belonging to a wicked Pope! Of the absurdity, impiety and blasphemy of this stupid and wicked doctrine, no man can be aware, who has not studied and read on the subject.

5. While this monstrous unnatural, and unholy doctrine, Sir, degrades the Saviour of the world, it tends to exalt the priesthood. It is the power of changing the bread into flesh which makes a priest once a priest for ever. The priest may be a drunkard—a Sabbath-breaker—a political charlatan—a prostituer of the confessional—a tyrant who inflicts a penance on any of his hearers, that from mere civility and neighbourly feeling listen to the service read at a Protestant wedding or funeral—he may never preach but scold—never pray but curse—never give but take—and prompted by his covetousness, may wield the keys of St. Peter with such high authority and threatening, that by the greatest devotees in his congregation, he becomes both hated and dreaded, but after all this, let him only appear at the altar in the fantastic habiliments of his order, and in the eye of superstition and ignorance, he is holy, high, powerful, sacred, and infallible! Why is all this, Mr. O'Connell? The answer is ready: he possesses the mysterious power of turning a piece of bread into the Saviour of the world! By even whispering *this is my body*, he can make his Maker—create his Creator, and frame that body now, which was formed by infinite power, and has substantially existed for better than 1800 years before he was born! By saying that a thing is not itself, but another thing totally distinct, he can work a miracle by the lie, and do what in its own nature is absolutely impossible to be done. Most wonderful and astonishing man! Let us not wrong him, nor misrepresent the power given to the successors of St. Peter. Let us now, hear some of the chief advocates of your church, sir, on this point. Gabriel Biel, in his fourth lesson of the canon of the mass, says—"The angel citizens of Heaven do not aspire to the authority

of the *priesthood*. Christ is incarnate and made flesh in the hands of priests, as in the Virgin's womb, and priests do create their Creator, and have power over the body of Christ." Next comes Peter de Besse. In his book on the Royal Priesthood, he declares—"All priests are kings, in token whereof they wear the crown. The priesthood and the Godhead are in some things to be paralleled, and are *almost of equal greatness*, since they *have equal power*. Seeing that the Priesthood walked hand in hand with the Godhead, and that the priests are Gods; it goes far beyond the kingly authority, and priests are far above kings. They are masters of kings, surpassing as much in dignity the royal office, as the soul surpasses the body. Incredible things, but yet true, that the power of priests is so great, and their excellency so noble, that *Heaven* depends on them. Joshua stopped but the sun, but these stay Christ being in Heaven, in the midst of an altar. The creature obeyed to the first, but the Creator obeys to these last, the sun to the one and God to the other, as often as they pronounce the sacred words."

We have now gone far enough, Mr. O'Connell. Let us not wonder at the blasphemy and folly of Biel and de Besse, and say that these things are past and gone. Your church, Sir, is "unchangeable and unchanged;" and the same ignorance, pride, vanity, and blasphemy, still exist among the Irish priesthood, and sometimes boil up like naphthæ and become inflamed by their zeal. It is not many years since a priest in a chapel in the county of Galway, on a festival occasion, proposed a logical demonstration of the power of priests, and carried out his blasphemy to as great, if not greater extent than de Besse. He showed that no angel of light, no saint in heaven—no, not St. Joseph or the blessed Virgin, could convert the wafer into the body, blood, soul and divinity of God—that even the great God, great as he is, could not create himself; but, that the priest, by the mysterious power and constitution of things with which he is invested, could on pronouncing the sacred words, create him on the altar. Such notions still exist. They naturally accompany and result from the doctrine of transubstantiation. It is no wonder, therefore, that the Pope at a former period, held out his toe, like a well-bred spaniel, as Swift saith, for an Emperor or King to kiss. It is not by any means astonishing that the Irish priesthood—the Maynooth apostolic bachelors, who have been raised like logs of timber from the bogs and huts of Ireland, should strive for ascendancy—that they should raise a yearly tribute for you their ready and pliant tool, and usher you forward into a proclamation on your part of the same nonsense and blasphemy which to this hour fills their deluded imaginations. The very poor scholar, whose feelings, career, and unique character, are so admirably delineated by the graphic pen of Charleton—this beggar-general, on a minor and different scale from that which distinguishes you, became a God maker the day he was made a priest! The instant he was invested with St. Peter's keys, he rose not only above the Queen of this empire, but above the angels of heaven, St. Joseph and the Virgin Mary. Moses with his shining face and mysterious rod, was but a stripling in power compared with this modern lawgiver. Joshua the great commander of the people of God, was but the mere type or reflexion of this modern luminary in working miracles. "Sun stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon upon Ajelon," said he in his prayer of faith, and

both at once stood still. *Hoc est corpus meum*, saith the hedge priest, without either prayer or faith and behold! "God obeys," and is actually created on the altar. How magnificent and dreadful is the power of such men! If Heaven itself depends on them, according to De Besse, so does the whole frame of nature. Let us tremble, lest on some occasion they may combine, make calculations of the longitude like Hohenloe, and uniting their power in one simultaneous effort, turn in one instant the sun into a gas-lamp, the moon into a crown piece—the stars into guineas—the sky into an umbrella—the rivers into wine; and in opposition both to the distillers and the temperance society, convert the Pacific Ocean into brandy—the Atlantic into rum, and the Irish sea into whiskey; and above all let us dread, that when these gods become intoxicated, they may be tempted, like Sampson, to put their hands against the pillars of old dame nature, and bring down her dwelling-place, with a thundering crash on the ears of all the heretics in the world.

Their power, after all, Mr. O'Connell, is not very great; it is just akin to the philosophy of the inquisitor, who, in a speech condemnatory of Galileo's discoveries, after he invented the telescope, said, "the stars were nothing but lamps, which the angels hung out in the sky at night, and came and took them in in the morning"; or that of the old woman, who proved, by as good reasoning as you could employ in favour of transubstantiation, that the stars were only gimlet holes in the sky, for the angels to look through. In fact, Sir, Popery is the poetry of corruption—a mere creation of the imagination—an epic, in which men are exalted into gods—the gods appear in the form of men, and even of wafers; and through ignorance, superstition, early training, and associations; men cleaving to this imaginary system, spurn reality from the mind, and embrace fiction with all the ardour of a Stilite or eastern devotee. True, indeed! this amazing epic production occupied a long time in the composition—it came out into the world in parts, and passed through various editions, until it was finally revised and completed by the Council of Trent, with Dens for its annotator. But, after all, it has but one author, who has carefully preserved the unity of the action, and caused its successive heroes stanchly to oppose the circulation of the Scriptures without note or comment. When the present edition is out of print, it is generally believed that the subtle author will put nothing to the press again, till after the millenium; he, being imprisoned during a thousand years, like an Irish tithe martyr, will have sufficient time for study and improvement, and in all likelihood will try a new edition to deceive the nations of Gog and Magog once more. I am inclined to this opinion from the conviction, that he is much fonder of a false religion, as an instrumentality against the true one, than he is of open infidelity: and that during his thousand years of rumination, he will not be able to invent any system so specious, so pliant, and so well adapted to his purpose, as that which now exists; but will then be obsolete and forgotten. He may give the old blade a new handle, however, and a little temper in his forge; and he will find it as handy in the camp of the saints at that coming period, as it was in Paris on the eve of St. Bartholomew, or in this country in the year 1641.

Now, Mr. O'Connell, I appeal to you—to every priest in Ireland—to every man of a thinking mind in the community, is transubstantiation true?

Can any man in his sober sense believe it? Do you believe it now? Then answer my arguments. I *now* defy you to this point. I challenge any or all the bishops, priests, friars, jesuits in Ireland, to answer what I have advanced in these three letters. The whole of Popish ingenuity united cannot do it. You say you believe this dogma with "the certitude of faith." Shew your faith now by your works; and if you cannot do this, never have the presumption again, while you have a being, to invite any Protestant of any denomination to receive such an abominable and monstrous tenet. The fact is, that nineteen out of every twenty of the priests no more believe it than I do. A friend of mine was once in close conversation with an old school fellow, who was then a priest, "Tell me, priest," said he, "do you really believe in transubstantiation, the sacrifice of the mass, prayers to saints," &c. "Whether do you ask me as a priest, or as a friend?" said his reverence.—"As a priest," said the other. "Well, then, as a priest I do believe in them, and I am sworn to believe in them." "May I ask you now as a friend, said the other?" "Well, then, to tell you the plain truth," said this pious, good priest, "the d—l a one word of them I believe at all, at all." This, Sir, as certainly occurred as your foot is still in Father O'Leary's trap. In the meantime, praying that you may yet have resolution to shake it off by an humble recantation of all your errors.

I am, your obedient servant,

Cork. Oct. 2, 1839.

DANIEL M'AFEE.

TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq., M. P.

SIR,—In the year 1537, the Pope appointed a Council at Vincentia for reforming the Church, of which, he was the head and patron. Luther wrote a book on this occasion, to which, he affixed a humorous and very significant frontispiece. His Holiness was pictured, as sitting on a high throne around which several Cardinals stood, each having a long pole, with the tail of a fox fastened to its end, pretending thereby to sweep away the filth of the Church. From this very picture we might easily infer the great knowledge and correct judgment of Luther respecting your Church, which according to Dr. Murray, is "unchangeable and unchanged." She was infallible then; she is so still; and hence, any attempt at a reformation, never can take place by her, professedly as a church; any effort of the kind would be but mere cunning and artifice—but sweeping her filthy corners with a fox's tail.

If Luther were existing now, he might indulge his humour, of which he was not destitute, in relation to you. As he would find you a stanch son of your grim, withered, haggard, time-worn and cunning old mother, whose hair has grown grey in error, and sin; so he might depict you, in a frontispiece published with your history, as old reynard himself, having two tails instead of one. He would no doubt, represent your *political* one, as trailing through the streets of London, and there shaking dust into the eyes of her Majesty's ministers, when assembled in parliament, or in the privy council. He would also give you a *theological* one, consisting of the bishops and priests of Ireland, which, he would curiously exhibit as sweeping the pence out of the pockets of the poor Irish, in order to replenish

your den at Derrynane. To represent your position at the Bandon dinner, in which you boasted that a protestant sat on your one hand, and a presbyterian on the other; he would delienate you as an old fox, artfully praising a pair of tame fowl, which you intended to pluck and feast on at a convenient season, when a repeal of the happy union between you and them should take place. And then, as it regards your presiding at the great dinner given in this city, to the popish bishops and priests assembled at the opening of the new Dominican chapel on Pope's quay, on which occasion, you whined and talked about the great persecutions, which you, your ancestors, and your church endured, he would represent the whole company, as a group of foxes, with the oldest and most artful at their head, as deeply lamenting the fate of their ancestors, because some of them got a broken leg or a few drops of swan shot, being caught in the act of plundering a farm yard; while St. Dominic himself, after whom the chapel is named, should appear in the back ground, as a hero of the Inquisition, booted and spurred, with a sword by his side, and in the act of going forth at the head of a troop of fanatical persecuters, to slay the unoffending Albigenes.

Now, Mr. O'Connell, when you presided at the Cork dinner, did you not act the part of reynard in relation to my letters? Were you not afraid of another shot from my gun? Did you not artfully elude the matter as if you had never written one word against the Wesleyans, and as if I had never lifted my pen against your vile abuse and your false religion? You never had a more favourable opportunity of making a reply—you were in the City, where my letters were first published—you were within a few streets of where I reside—the occasion was one of religion—the charges I made required an answer—you have received injury both in your influence and your tribute, by not rebutting them. Why did you not do so? Simply, because you found my facts and arguments too hard even for your sophistry to mould into a ridiculous form. The public are perfectly aware of your disposition and tact, in seizing on anything, which might serve your cause. Your son Maurice afforded a striking instance of the same kind of talent, when he pounced upon my mistake, at the same time, he was perfectly aware of the truth of the case, which I developed at large in my letter to him. It is only a few days ago, since I came to the knowledge of the fact, that he himself was the bearer of the document from you to Shanahan, and handed it with your reply at the bottom, into the poor man's hand. I am sorry, I did not know this fact at the time I addressed him; for I should then have depicted the boldness of his hypocrisy, in attempting the challenge, which he gave me, at a greater length. But enough of introduction to this letter, and we must come at once to the main object, which I have in view. What is that? Why? to talk a little about the mass.

We have discussed transubstantiation already; it is proved to be false; you know it is, and cannot defend it; if so, the mass also must be false. How many kinds of masses are there? I really cannot exactly say. I know there are high masses and low masses, white masses and black masses, red masses and green masses, and I am not certain, but there may be purple and even *orange* masses—of course, if they be of every colour, the orange being one of the primary colours of nature, must come in for an honourable share, as well as the other colours, Having fully examined transubstantiation in the abstract, and demonstrated it, to be absurd, irra-

tional, unscriptural, and impossible, we proceed a step farther and view it in relation to the mass, which constitutes the primary act of your public worship, and which distinguishes the Church of Rome from all other churches in the world. If this be found wrong, then she is rotten at the very core, corrupt in her very essence, and from her assumed infallibility, incapable of reform, and must be forsaken altogether. All, who have deserted her pale, have cast off the mass as pernicious, abominable and idolatrous. Were they right or wrong in doing so? That we may understand this, and come to a proper conclusion, it is necessary to know, what the mass is, and whether it be in accordance with the will and word of God. In the mass, there are three leading things, which embrace all the minor particulars—the *sacrifice*, the *ceremonies*, and the *worship*,—

I.—As it regards the sacrifice of the mass, the substance of what is said concerning it is this—that the consecrated Host or wafer is Christ, really and truly—that Christ is thus presented as a sacrifice—that this sacrifice is an unbloody one, and that it is expiatory for the sins, both of the living and the dead. Hence, it is considered the centre of all spiritual exercises, the soul of a devout life, a sacrament superior to all others, the source of all grace, the end of all devotion, the highest offering which earth can present to heaven, and must be accompanied with the most excellent and sublime worship. It is unnecessary, here, to quote from the Council of Trent, or any other authority, as you are conscious, Mr. O'Connell, that I have given a fair statement. That we may not loose ourselves in a multitude of words, let us reduce it to this simple point—that the sacrifice offered in the mass, or presentation of the Host to God, is the *identical sacrifice of Christ*. This is the point simply to be considered; and that we may do so aright, let us here quote the 31st article of the Church of England as presenting my creed on this subject, by way of contrast. “The offering of Christ once made, is that perfect redemption, propitiation, and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world, both original and actual, and there is none other satisfaction for sin, but that alone. Wherefore, the sacrifices of Masses, in the which, it was commonly said, that the Priest did offer Christ for the quick and dead, to have remission of pain or guilt, were blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits.” Here now, sir, we come to an issue at once. This article is simple, comprehensive, strong and scriptural. If it be true, the mass necessarily must be false. That it is true, and that the mass is a “blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit,” I proceed now to prove in a very summary manner. This article gives a delightful view of the sacrifice of Christ; and that the sacrifice of the mass is not the sacrifice of Christ, will appear evident from the following particulars;—

1. Christ's *sacrifice* was *himself*. The High Priest among the Jews offered the bullock, the goat and the lamb; Christ offered himself. A few scriptures will prove this. “Thou shalt make *his soul* an offering for sin. Christ also hath *loved* us, and hath *given himself* for us, an offering and a sacrifice unto God of a *sweet smelling savour*. God—hath in these last days *spoken* unto us by his son, whom he hath appointed *heir* of all things, by *whom* also he made the worlds: who being the *brightness* of his glory, and the *express image* of his person, and *upholding* all things by the *word* of *his power*, when he *had* by *himself* purged our sins, *sat down* on the right hand of the *majesty on high*.” Now, Mr. O'Connell, compare these declara-

tions with your sacrifice of the Mass. What is it? Why? the Host; but the Host, has been proved—amply proved, to be only a piece of parched paste. There it now is in the hand of the priest, and to it the people are in the act of bowing down. Pray, Sir, is *its soul* made an offering for sin? Has it a soul? If so; who gave it one? The priest breathed on it, to be sure, and he is its creator. Did the Host love us, and give itself for us? Has it a sweet smelling savour before God? Does it not smell of bread? Did it ever speak to us in these last days? If so, what did it say?—that Popery is an imposture, and the worship of the Host idolatry. Is it heir of all things? Then you should claim your tribute from it, and not from the poor Irish, as it possesses the fee-simple of all property. Why does this deity not take the tithes from those hereticks which pronounce it an idol, and give them to those priests, who first make, and then worship it? Why does it not turn the Lords and Bishops out of parliament, as they stand greatly in your way, and that of your church? Pray, Sir, did the Host create the world? Then it must have created itself and existed, before it began to be. Where was its wisdom in the formation of some things which it made? Why did it produce Luther, Cranmer, Calvin, and Henry the eighth? Why keep up a race of heretics in opposition to itself? Is it not rather an odd kind of God to have all power, and not help such an honest, pious, and decided devotee as yourself, a little more? You have some reason to suspect its attachment; or perhaps it suspects you; and considers you a vain, ambitious, blustering, and rather dubious kind of disciple, who is working more for your own selfish ends, than for the glory of the Host. Do you believe it is the brightness of God's glory? If so; why is it so dull, and even brown in the priest's hand? Can you assert that it is the *express* image of Jehovah's person? Then the Divine Being is composed of bread, his form is circular, and his diameter about an inch. Here is the legitimate tendency of this absurdity; it leads to atheism. Is not this sacrifice of the Mass, "a blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit?"

2. The *sacrifice* of the Mass, is not the *sacrifice* of Christ, because the priests are not the same, who present it to God. Christ offered his own sacrifice; the priest presents that of the Mass. Now, if the wafer lived, and moved, and in the form of humanity, and with the essence of divinity, presented itself, there would be something, at least, plausible in the matter. This however is not the case. The priest offers the Host, as the sacrifice of Christ, and simply, because he does so, the very fact demonstrates the falsity of the offering. A few texts from Paul to the Hebrews prove this. "Seeing then that we have a great high priest, that is passed into the heavens, Jesus the Son of God.—Called of God, an high priest, after the order of Melchisedec.—But this man, because he continueth ever hath an unchangeable priesthood.—The word of the oath, which was since the law maketh the Son, (a priest) who is consecrated for evermore.—But Christ being come an high priest of good things to come—by his own blood, he entered once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us. For Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, which are the figures of the true; but into heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us." Now, Sir, it must either be acknowledged, that the Host, or the priest is our Lord Christ. If the Host be Christ; then *it offers itself*, and the priest of Rome is a false, intermeddling and impious

creature for interfering in the matter. He has no right to be called a priest. He is not one after the order of Aaron, for that priesthood is done away. He is not one after the order of Christ ; because Christ can have no successor, seeing he ever lives in heaven, and exercises his own office. The Apostle expressly says, that Christ hath ἀπαράβατον an unchangeable priesthood ; or one, that literally *passeth not from one to another*, because he holdeth it perpetually and dieth not. The priest of your church, in this ministration, being neither the successor of Aaron, nor of Christ, as a priest ; it follows, that, he is no priest at all ; and consequently, that so far as he is concerned, there is no sacrifice in the Mass, because there is no priest to present it. The Host therefore, is the only priest on this occasion. If so ; then, it sprang from the tribe of Judah ; it was born of the Virgin Mary ! it suffered on the cross ; it is after the order of Melchisedec ; and hence, it is “ without father (true !) and without mother (true !) without descent (true !) having neither beginning of days (is this true ?) nor end of life ;” very true ! because it never had any ; a full proof of which, we have, that even after consecration, it cannot offer itself. Is the Host a priest ?—then, it cannot be Christ ; for *he* is passed into the heavens, there to appear in the presence of God ; but *it* abides on earth and returns unto the dust, whence it was taken, even after it has been either stolen or lost. The sacrifice of the mass has no priest ; and hence, it is no sacrifice of any kind, much less the sacrifice of Christ. It is therefore, “ a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit.”

3. The *sacrifice* of the *Mass*, is not the *sacrifice* of *Christ*, simply because his was a *living* and *voluntary* one. To the law and to the testimony again. “ The *Son of Man* came not to be ministered unto but to minister, and to give *his life* a ransom for many.—The *good shepherd* giveth *his life* for the sheep.—In his humiliation his judgment was taken away : and who shall declare his generation ; for *his life* is taken *from the earth*.—Hereby perceive we the *love of God*, because he laid down *his life* for us.—My father loveth me because I lay down *my life*, that I might take it again. No man taketh it from me, but *I lay it down of myself*. I have *power* to lay it down and I have power to take it again.” These scriptures express three things, first, that Christ possessed life ; secondly, that he sacrificed it for us ; and thirdly, that he did this of his own free will and eternal goodness. Now, Mr. O’Connell, let me ask you, Does the Host or wafer possess life ? If so, when did it first begin to live ? What evidence have you of its life ? Did you ever see it move, or walk, or run, or rise, or stand ? Did you ever see it breathe, or speak, or hear it make a speech, or do any one thing whatever ? Whether is its life divine or human ? To what species of animated life does it belong ? Is its life limited or eternal ? Christ the life, was the Son of God ; is it so ? Christ was the Son of Man, is it the son of man or the son of Mary ? Christ, as the life, raised Lazarus, the Widow’s son, and the daughter of Jairus from the dead ; pray did the wafer do so ? Was it the Host, which cried with a loud voice, “ Lazarus come forth,” and that said, “ young man I say unto thee arise ? If so ; why has it not spoken in your church ? Why did it not reprove you and the priests for holding political meetings on the Lord’s day in the chapels, where its godship resided ? Why did it not raise D’Astair from the dead whom you killed in a duel, out of pure regard for such a worthy worshipper

as yourself? Why does it not teach the priests, that it is the head of the church instead of the Pope? Why does it permit the people to pray to dead saints, when it is present itself as the living God? Why does it not excite the Bishops and priests to give the scriptures to the poor ignorant people, seeing it is Christ himself, who once said, "search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me?" It must be a very negligent Deity, when it permits image worship, swearing, sabbath breaking, faction fights, drunkenness, and perjury among you. You and your tail must, after all, have very little dread of it, or you would have been much more guarded respecting the solemn oath you took, not to interfere, with the protestant church.

Let us proceed a little farther. Did this deity lay down its life for you? How could it, when, it had none to lay down? If it died; how long is it since? Was it 1800 years ago? Or only on last sunday? At what hour did it die? Whether was it on the cross or on the altar? Was it previously led away to the High Priest? If so; what was his name? Dr. Crawley, or M'Hale? Did the Pope act the part of Peter in denying it, and you of Judas Iscariot in betraying it? He followed Christ for the bag, and you followed the Host for the tribute. As you were present on the occasion, pray what was the roman soldier's name, who pierced the side of the Host? The ceremonies of the mass, according to the shewing of your own church, are intended to figure forth the crucifixion; and does not this very fact classify your church with the wicked Jews and Romans, rather than with christians? The name of roman catholic is peculiarly appropriate, because you still continue to crucify your Saviour. If the Host laid down its life and died; at what time did it arise from the dead? How many angels rolled away the stone from the grave? Who first saw it after its resurrection? Did it say to the priests, "handle me and see for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see me have?" Were you one of the 500 brethren, which saw it alive after its resurrection? Did it then ascend up into heaven? If so; how comes it to pass, that next sunday, it must come down and be crucified again? Ten thousand priests crucified it on sunday week, ten thousand Hosts arose from the dead and ascended into heaven, and ten thousand priests crucified it afresh last sunday, and yet they neither brought it down, nor sent it up, nor crucified it, nor was there more than one Host all the time, and that one is the very same Saviour, who died on the cross 1800 years ago, arose from the dead and *sat down for ever on the right hand of God!!!* Are you not conscious of the absurdity and falsehood of the mass, Mr. O'Connell? Undoubtedly you are, and hence, it need not be deemed strange that no one can trust your professions in friendship, when you are false in those, which you make to your wheaten deity.

Again, let me ask, Is the offering *voluntary* on the part of the Host? Has it power to lay down its life and power to take it again? The free will of the Host—the volitions of the Host—the resolutions and determinations of the Host, and of course, the understanding, memory, imagination conscience, and passions of a piece of bread, are rather extraordinary expressions! And yet after the words of consecration, if the Host be real Christ, their application is by no means improper. The Host then must offer itself voluntary, as a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of the quick and

dead. If it has no volition, there can be no sacrifice; because it is not the sacrifice of Christ; but a mere cheat and impious imposition. Who but a fool will attribute volition to a round piece of cake without life or animation? A man might as readily argue, that a stone can think, and reason, and resolve. The popish mass would establish the doctrine, that matter can think; and hence, destroy the immateriality of the soul. It whirls us at once into materialism and the atheistic, atomic philosophy of Democritus. The gods of the heathen were vastly superior to this God of the papacy. "They have mouths; but they speak not,"—this has no mouth. "They have eyes; but they see not"—this has no eyes. "They have ears; but they hear not"—this has no ears. "Noses have they; but they smell not"—this has no nose. "They have hands; but they handle not?"—this has no hands. "Feet have they; but they walk not"—this has no feet. Here then, Mr. O'Connell is a thing which is both priest and sacrifice in your church; and yet it has neither mouth, nor eyes, nor ears, nor nose, nor hands, nor feet; not can it speak, or see, or hear, or smell, or handle, or walk; it is neither human, nor can it do one human act; and yet, your church teaches, that it is the identical Saviour of the world, and that as a sacrifice for the quick and dead, it must present itself voluntarily to God! You will now agree with me in coming to the former conclusion, that, "the sacrifices of masses—are blasphemous fables and dangerous deceits."

4. The sacrifice of Christ was a bloody one, and made a complete atonement, "*propitiation, and satisfaction for all the sins of the whole world both original and actual, and there is none other satisfaction for sin, but that alone;*" and hence, the sacrifice of the mass cannot possibly be the sacrifice of Christ. We must now recur again to the Scriptures of truth." This is *my blood* of the New Testament, which is *shed for many, for the remission of sins.*—In whom, we have *redemption through his blood*, the forgiveness of sins.—Having *made peace through the blood of his cross*, by him to *reconcile all things unto himself.*—But now in Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were far off, are *made nigh by the blood of Christ.*—For if the blood of bulls and of goats, and the ashes of an heifer sprinkling the unclean, sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh; How much more shall the blood of Christ, who through the *eternal spirit offered himself* without spot to God, *purge your consciences from dead works to serve the living God.*—Unto him that loved us, and washed us from *our sins in his own blood*, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. These are they which came out of great tribulation, and *have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.*" Such is the current testimony of the word of God. Moses tells us Leviticus xxii. 11. "It is the blood that maketh an atonement," while St. John in his first Epistle, chap. i. 7, says, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin;" and St. Paul, Heb. ix. 22, expressly declares, that, "without shedding of blood, is no remission." Now, Mr. O'Connell, let us keep to the main point—that the sacrifice of the mass is the sacrifice of Christ. This is the very marrow of the controversy. That it is not Christ's sacrifice is admitted, at once by the Council of Trent, and that in the very decree on this point." And seeing that in this divine sacrifice, which is performed in the Mass, he, the *same* Christ, is contained

and *unbloodily* immolated, who *bloodily* offered himself once on the altar of the cross." Such is the acknowledgment of this infatuated, stupid, infallible Council! They say, that the sacrifices are the *same*, and that they are *not* the *same*, for three reasons. First, *Christ* offered the *one*, and the *priest* offers the *other*; Second, *Christ* offered his *once* on the cross; the sacrifice of the Mass is offered *often* on altars; Third, *Christ's* was *one of blood*; the sacrifice of the Mass is *unbloody*. Here, the matter is totally given up, infallibility is confounded, and confusion spreads her wings over the wise men of Trent. The very fact of the sacrifice of the Mass being an *unbloody* one, takes away all virtue from it, and shews, that instead of procuring the same benefits, as those purchased by the blood of *Christ*, it is a mere figment of absurdity, that leaves the poor deluded votaries of the Church of Rome, without benefit of any kind. It has no virtue in itself, and hinders them from looking to *Christ*, in whom alone it is to be found. Glance at the benefits resulting from the blood of *Christ*, in the scriptures now enumerated. 1. His blood was shed *for* the *remission* of *sin*; how can the Host procure this, when it shed no blood because it had none, and if it had, it could not be the same blood of *Christ*, which was shed on the cross 1800 years ago? 2. The primitive christians had redemption through *Christ's* blood, the forgiveness of sins, pray, sir, was that the blood of a wafer, the substance of which grew in a field at Derrynane last year, and has by the concession of the Trent Council, shed no blood, because it had none? 3. By his own blood, he *reconciled all things* unto *himself*, and brought the Gentiles *nigh*, who were afar off; the wafer has reconciled nothing, nor did it ever bring one soul to God. It has been the cause of disturbance, of blood shed, though it had none of its own, and thousands have fallen into perdition, by trusting to it, instead of *Jesus Christ*. How many martyrs have been sent to the stake, because they would not confess it to be the Son of God? 4. The blood of *Christ* possessed, and still possesses the virtue of *purging* the *conscience* from *dead works*, to *serve* the *living God*; the blood, or virtue of the Host, has never purged any one. How could it, when it has none? Pray, Sir, has it purged you for instance? Has it taken away your guilt? the guilt of agitating, of disturbing your country, of running the ignorant and deluded peasantry into scenes of midnight depredation, by your false speeches? Has it removed from you, the guilt of early propensities, by which others were drawn aside from the path of virtue? Has it obliterated the guilt of reckless assertions, defamation of character, foul-mouthed lying, and the solemn oath taken by you, not to interfere with the Protestant institutions of the land? Do you believe, that the blood of this bloodless sacrifice, made an atonement for the sins of the scandalous popes enumerated in my third letter, or for those holy fathers of the inquisition, who lived in licentiousness, and died with hearts more cruel, than the grave? How can it atone for the iniquity of those priests, who, in the confessional, guided by Den's Theology, or Father Maherly's Good Confessor—(another infamous book among the priesthood,) have corrupted female virtue, by their iniquitous, chatechetical mode of proceeding? The fact is this; the sacrifice of the Mass is a mere imposture; and giving it all the reality, which the imagination, even of a sincere devotee attributes to it; it renders null by its very perfection, priestly absolution, penances, extreme unction, and purgatory; for

when the Host is a complete propitiation for the sins, both of the quick and dead, there is no necessity for the other nostrums of your church, unless to increase the income of her clergy, as all her varied articles must be purchased with money. The mass is her standing and staple article in trade, and surely she, who is capable of selling; what she has decreed to be the Saviour of the world for filthy lucre, even for the recovery of a sick animal, is capable of driving a hard bargain in relation to any other fictitious commodity, that may be popular in her religious mart. It is evident, however, that the English reformers were right in saying, that the "sacrifice of the Mass—is a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit."

5. The *sacrifice of Christ* was *offered only once* for all mankind, and that upon the *cross*; and hence, the sacrifice of the Mass is not, nor can it possibly be the sacrifice of Christ. The Apostle proves this, in the following declarations:—He saith of Christ, "Who needeth *not daily*, as those high priests; to *offer up sacrifice*, first for his *own sins*, and then for the *peoples*; for this he did *once*, when he *offered up himself*. Nor yet, that he should offer *himself often*, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year, with blood of others. For then must he *often* have suffered since the foundation of the world; but now *once* in the end of the world, hath he *appeared* to put away sin, by the *sacrifice of himself*.—By the which will we are sanctified through the offering of the *body* of Jesus Christ, *once* for all.—But this man after he had *offered one sacrifice* for *sins for ever*, *sat down* on the *right hand of God*." So St. Paul in his epistle to the Hebrews. Let us now hear St. Peter, and we shall soon see, whether his successors, so called, are following his faith. "For Christ also hath *once suffered* for *sins*, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God."

Now, Sir, there are three reasons, why Christ only required to suffer *once*. 1. The *dignity* of his person; he was God, and man, united in one person. "The word was made flesh" to this very end, that he might present only one offering for sin. 2. The *infinite*, intrinsic virtue or merit of his blood, arising from this dignity: and 3. The *requisition* of infinite justice. It required a sufficient equivalent for the sins of mankind; it received all it demanded from the one offering of Christ upon the cross; and hence, our Lord cried, "it is finished"—the atonement is completed—justice is satisfied, and then, he gave up the ghost. Let us now compare your mass sacrifice, with this, Mr. O'Connell. Take it now for granted, that Christ is sacrificed in the mass—that it is his identical sacrifice which is offered.—Then it follows: 1. That, he is not God; for, if he were, his sacrifice would require no repetition. It is offered often in the mass, and this stamps the imperfection of the offering. On this principle, the Apostle, in writing to the Hebrews, reasons against the intrinsic value of Jewish sacrifices, because they were often made. 2. It follows also, that the merit of his blood, was neither infinite nor sufficient to atone by one offering, and consequently, in point of merit, it was no better than the blood of bulls and goats. 3. It is evident, from the frequent repetition of Christ's sacrifice in the mass, that justice was not satisfied with our Lord's one offering on the cross, or else, it would require no repetition. 4. It incontestibly follows, from all this—that our Lord uttered a falsehood, when, he said on the cross, "it is finished"; and that both Peter and Paul have equally imposed on mankind, in contending for the completion

of the atonement by his once dying—once sacrificing himself on the accursed tree. What now is the sacrifice of the Mass? It is the *unbloody sacrifice* instituted first by Numa Pompilius, made of pure, fresh flour, and is a remnant of his heathenism, instead of being the offering of Jesus Christ. It agrees much better with Cain's sacrifice, which the Lord rejected, being only of the fruit of the earth, than with Abel's, which Jehovah accepted, because it was a bloody one. It is an open, standing, repeated, multifarious, sanctioned, and perpetual lie, libel, and mockery of the person, sacrifice, and atonement of Jesus Christ. It denies his divinity, and the merit of his blood. It tarnishes, and misrepresents the justice of the eternal Being, as the governor of the world. It gives the lie, *de facto*, to the Apostles; and hence, to the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. It is a practical overturning of the very foundation of christianity—the finished atonement of the cross. It is the battering ram of the church of Rome, raised up against the fundamental principles of christianity, and the simplicity of salvation by faith, and the redemption of the world. It is the priest's finger post, which shews the road to Rome, but not the way to Heaven; in a word, it denies that Christ sat down for ever, on the right hand of God, after finishing his atoning work; and hence, denies the existence of that heaven to which he is gone.

Where Christ is personally present, there is his local heaven, sir, but he is present in every popish chapel, and therefore, his heaven is found in those localities. In a small pix, or chest, made of wood, silver, or some other metal, he is kept under, or near the altar; and is thus preserved from mice, rats, and all kinds of vermin. How long, this peculiar deity, could remain fresh without being blue-moulded, can only be decided by the popish doctors. At all events, the chapel is his heaven—his new Jerusalem. See! there is one, say, in the county of Tipperary, at the foot of a lonely mountain, skirted by a deep glen. Who are those individuals, that in groups, of three or four, are descending the hill side, or traversing the windings of the glen? Why they are ribbonmen to be sure, who are repairing to the chapel as a rendezvous, from whence, they issue to murder, burn, or rob; they are angels of light, guided by a torch, which is to burn up the haggard, barn, or cow-house of some unoffending neighbour, who refuses to be initiated into their mysteries. Take another of these local heavens, Townsend street Chapel, for instance, in the City of Dublin. No doubt, the wheaten Host dwells there in all sanctity and glory. But how often, have you and others polluted the temple of the god in his very presence, by political meetings and speeches, even on the Lord's day? If such be the heaven of the papacy, what are its hell and purgatory?

Come now, Mr. O'Connell, lay aside your prejudice for a little, and consider the vast difference between your church and the protestant one, now established by law in these countries. You and the priests are labouring assiduously, and even openly to throw down the one, and re-establish the other. Your feeling is, that, because your party is more numerous in Ireland, than the protestant community, therefore, your religion should be supported by the state. True it is, you disclaim ascendancy! But who can believe you? I for one do not; no; not one word you utter either on this or many other points. To judge rightly of this matter, only consider seriously the essential difference between your Church, and the united

Church of England and Ireland. Observe, we are not to be guided by the views of insulated parties, whether Puseyites on the one hand, or Antinomians on the other, who may broach doctrines subversive of the elementary principles of the Church. We must abide by the articles, as founded on the word of God. Keep to the one now in question, which is decidedly a fundamental one. Compare it with your Trent creed, and your sacrifice of the mass. The comparison will result in this, that the state supports truth in the one case; in the other, the most notorious falsehood, would be sanctioned and nourished. The following particulars will exhibit the contrast:—

1. The sacrifice of Christ, exhibited in the 31st article of the Church established, is scriptural; your sacrifice of the Mass is unscriptural.
2. 'The sacrifice of this article was appointed of God; your sacrifice of the mass never was; it is the invention of men; and the very focus, of what the Apostle terms, "the mystery of iniquity."
3. The sacrifice acknowledged by the reformers, was accepted of God, for the remission of sins; your sacrifice of the mass can procure no remission.
4. The Protestant sacrifice was *once offered only*, and that upon the *cross*; your sacrifice of the mass, never hung upon the cross, never shed its blood there, never died for the world; and from its *repeated offerings* demonstrates itself to be an imposture.
5. The great sacrifice, which forms the very basis of the Protestant religion, was presented to God under peculiar circumstances; the rocks rent, the graves opened, the vail of the temple was torn asunder, and darkness covered the heavens for the space of three hours; your sacrifice of the mass is destitute of the very semblance of these things, unless we can believe, that the incense of high mass, is the identical darkness recorded in the scriptures.
6. The sacrifice to which we are directed in the 31st article, was raised from the dead, and afterwards "shewed himself alive by many infallible proofs"; your sacrifice of the mass—that piece of parched bread, never had any resurrection, except what it had in a wheaten field, where it grew in spring, in common with other grain.
7. The sacrifice of the Reformed church *ascended up into heaven, sat down for ever on the right hand, of God, and remains in a state of incorruptibility*; the sacrifice of the mass, in your church, is of the earth, earthy, and returns to the dust again, whence, it was taken. Pray, Sir, do you think, St. John, in Revelations xiii., had any allusion to this, when he spoke of the second beast, which, he beheld arising out of the earth? You know the wheaten god grows out of the earth, carries the Romish hierarchy along with it, as its horns; and through them speaks with a dragon mouth, and deceives those, who dwell on the earth. This, however, is only a mere query, which you may legally investigate at your leisure; while, in the meantime, we must come to a conclusion, respecting the practical efforts now carried on by you and the priests. In your address to the people of England, you would piously invite them back to the mass; for the world may say, what they please of you, Mr. O'Connell, you are a *very pious, honest, upright* man of *truth*! and you would have the present Church, established in these countries, overturned, and your own set up in its place; and you would give the tithes to the priests; and for the good of our souls, you would soon try and force us all to mass; and as old Bernard Clinton, a priest's brother, who became a genuine protestant, used to say of the mass, "taste it not

my friends, for there's gravel in it"; so if any of us refused to eat gravel, you would quietly continue to make the executive power force it down our throats, as a second course, after "Lord John Russell's purge."

Now, Mr. O'Connell, I should wish to know, what *right*, the state possesses, to cast off the present Church establishment, and substitute yours, in its stead—that is, simply to renounce the sacrifice of Christ, which is the central point of the true religion, and establish and support the sacrifice of the mass, which is the focus of the false religion. *Right* implies a *just claim* on the one hand, implying a *corresponding obligation* on the other. It must therefore take its rise from *some cause*, or *relationship*, subsisting in your Church, that would evidently justify the present, or any other government, in bestowing on her the property of the empire for her support. All right must immediately, or remotely come from the Divine Being, and be conveyed by creation, providence, or revelation, as recorded in his word. Let us calmly, then, examine her claims to state patronage, or in fact to support of any kind, or character whatever. They must arise from some source, and the question to be solved is, what that source really is?

1. Does it consist in *numerical existence*? Surely not. Ireland contains eight million of inhabitants. Three-fourths of these are romanists, beclouded under a dark, superstitious and false system of religion. The claim cannot consist in mere number. The greater the number, the more diffused is the error. A man has a *natural* right to life and liberty—to the enjoyment of light, air, and the various elements, and to the produce of his own personal labour. Every romanist in the land, has a right to these things. God has given that right, by the very fact of communicating existence. Between six and seven millions of these exist in Ireland—born and trained up in a religion directly repugnant to the revealed will of God; as they have a right to the blessings now enumerated, does it follow, that because they happen to be the more numerous party, their religion, as well as themselves, have a claim or right to be supported by the good things, which God has created? "The *earth* is the *Lord's* and the *fulness* thereof." Pray, Mr. O'Connell, with all your perversity of heart and intellect, can you believe for a moment, that God created the world, or one country in it, or one corner of a field in it, for the purpose of growing wheat, or oats, or barley, or hay, or food of any kind to support the priests of a false religion? Does God give a farm, or trade, or merchandize to any man, accompanied by health and ingenuity to operate, for the purpose of supporting a religion, which corrupts his revelation by traditions, denies the sacrifice of his Son by its masses, and runs the people into idolatry, by its prayers to saints and the worship of the Host? Undoubtedly not. Did he make any portion of the earth to nourish and support Paganism, Mahomedanism and Judaism, as it is at present? There are 600 millions of pagans in the world. Does their number give a right to the existence, much less, the establishment of their religion? A false religion, has no right to exist in the world. No man has any right to support it. It arises from the usurpation of the Devil. It may force its way by the might, not the right of its votaries. The design of christianity, was to destroy this usurpation; and hence, that government, which would grant your church state provision, is acting in opposition to God, and giving a sore discou-

ragement to the christian institutions of the land. The Divine Being can confer no right, in any possible manner, to uphold falsehood ; He must first cease to be the God of truth. This would be conferring a right to propagate sin, which cannot possibly be done by the God of holiness.

2. Does the *antiquity* of your church, Sir, constitute her claim, so as to afford a justification of those, who would reestablish her in these lands ? Paganism has a prior claim : for it existed from the building of the tower of Babel. Judaism has a prior claim ; for it existed from the giving of the law. Druidism has a prior claim ; for it was the established system in these countries before the introduction of popery. Mahomedanism has an equal claim ; for it arose, at the same time in which Boniface III. proclaimed himself universal Bishop. The false prophet and the beast were contemporaries in their rise and career, and are according to the book of Revelation to be, mutually destroyed together. Antiquity proves nothing for you, it only makes the matter worse ; for the longer any individual, or church, goes on in a course of error and sin, the greater should be our abhorrence of such perpetuated iniquity. Your church, Sir, has no claim from her age to any other thing, but to a heavier and more acute punishment.

3. Does her claim to state patronage arise from *former occupancy* ? Surely not. The Jewish priests were once entitled to the tithes of Canaan ; but does their right exist now ? They crucified the Lord of glory, rejected his gospel, persecuted his Apostles and first followers, and by their unbelief and wicked conduct forfeited every previous claim to Divine favour. Your church, Mr. O'Connell, did the very same. She departed from the true faith, set up her own commandments in opposition to those of Christ, forbade to marry, commanded to abstain from meats, introduced purgatory, prayers for the dead, service in an unknown tongue, and the sacrifice of the mass, by which she nullifies the sacrifice of Christ. In addition to this, she kept the scriptures back from the people, persecuted and destroyed those who translated or read them ; and at the time of the reformation, was ingulphed in every species of inward and outward iniquity. Is it because of her apostacy and sin, she should again be brought into favour ? She was cut off as a prodigal ; and where is her repentance and reformation, to entitle her again to a gracious reception ? God by his providence turned out the harlot and usurper, stripped her of her trumpery, ornaments and wealth in these lands ; and now having recruited her strength, laid her schemes, increased in revenue, and decorated herself in something of her old trappings, is she to be received again into court favour, and the true bride cast aside to make way for her scarlet ladyship ? Let her only be admitted to a seat at the domestic table,—to a place in the household—to a small portion of the income, as if for pin money ; and like every lady of her class, she will scheme and plot, and act the part of Jezebel, until she is either again cast out, or governs the household as her own. This is her nature, “unchangeable and unchanged ;” and he who would bring her back by any means, acts in direct opposition to that God, who cast her on the world in the face of all the nations. Surely, she has no right to the dwelling, who for ages refused to pay the daily and annual tribute of true worship and conduct, which God, the great proprietor demanded at her hand. Being turned out for non payment of her legal and

evangelical debts to Christ; she is too much in arrear to discharge the mighty account; and hence, can never be tenant again, with his approbation.

4. Does her *right* arise from the *Apostolic succession* of her popes and bishops? If so; where does it exist? Be pleased, Sir, to trace it. Do not forget the iron links of this chain—the wicked popes enumerated in my third letter. Was pope Joan, the English woman, one of those links? From which of the three popes, who reigned and ordained Bishops at one and the same time, shall we suspend this apostolic chain? Where shall we hang it, during the interregnum, when for better than 70 years there was no pope? On which of the bishops? Name him. Your church, Sir, is the most unfortunate pretender, in the wide world, for the providence of God so ordered it, that even by popish hands, the history of villanous popes, is so well known, that all pretence to be the followers of Christ and his Apostles, is truly ridiculous. In fact, from the year, 606, in which Boniface III. proclaimed himself, according to pope Gregory the Great, to be Antichrist, the church of Rome lost her succession, and to this day has never found it. Does the succession of the popes constitute antichrist and the man of sin? Then, how can antichrist have his succession from Christ? He is directly his opposite. He opposes his will, his word and his kingdom. In the name then of common sense, how can he have his succession from Christ and his Apostles? Did antichrist steal it, or take it away by robbery or main force? It is only an assumption—a mere pretence. From which of the Apostles did it come? It must be the legacy of Judas Iscariot, the apostate, for it never was left to them by St. Peter, Paul, or any of the *faithful* Apostles of our Lord. Only that you might dispute the pedigree, in behalf of yourself and family, I would say, they are successors of Simon Magus. Wherever there is a *true succession* of *any thing*, there must be the *same causes* to produce it, the *same qualities* to characterise it, and the *same effects* following it. Thus, the rays of light flowing from a luminous body, the waves of the sea, and the reproduction of planets and animals, have the same invariable succession. Take away either cause, or qualities, or effects, and succession is lost. Examine these three things for a moment in connection with the church of Rome:—1. The *cause* of apostolic succession. What is it? The *call* and *ordination* of Christ. Christ is *wise*; and therefore he could never call a *fool*. Christ is *good*; and hence, he could never ordain a *bad* man. Christ is *holy*; and consequently, he could never send an *impious*, or *unholy* priest to convert the world. Christ is *just* and *righteous*; and it follows, that he could never give his sanction to a *thief* and a *robber* to enter, especially as a shepherd, into his fold. Christ is *sincere*; and it is impossible, he could appoint a *hypocrite*,—a *wolf* in *sheep's clothing* to be one of his special ministers, much less his vicar and vicegerent on earth. Christ is *benevolent* and *kind*; and hence he never sanctioned the *cruel* and monstrous popes of which we read, nor the persecuting Bishops, Bonner and Gardiner, for instance, who burned and destroyed so many unoffending and pious protestants. Christ is *truth* itself; and it is absolutely impossible, therefore, that he ever could either call, or ordain any man, in any age of the world, to *teach, foster, and support falsehood*. Hence any man, who teaches the creed of Pope Pius IV. never was called, or ordained of Christ; but the whole popish

hierarchy do so throughout the world ; and therefore being destitute of Christ's call and ordination, they can have no Apostolic succession. The *cause* of true Apostolic succession, which is Christ—the head of his church has no connection with the church of Rome, seeing she departed from him ; and where there is no cause there can be no effect. 2. Examine, again, the *qualities*, or *characteristics* of Apostolical succession ; and you will find, Sir, that your church is destitute of these. A true successor of the Apostles, *must possess their spirit*—the spirit of Christ, *experience the same converting grace, live the same kind of holy life, follow the same example, do the same work, and preach the very same doctrines*, especially, he must preach *justification by faith in the blood of Jesus Christ alone*. Now, Sir, do the popes, bishops and priests of Rome possess these characteristics ? To confine ourselves to one point ; do they teach justification by faith alone ? They do not ; they cannot ; the Council of Trent has put that beyond their reach. The man among them that does it, stands forth a protestant at once. Where, then, is their Apostolic succession, when, they have not one single quality, or mark of it ? Pray, Sir, could a man be your successor as Queen's Counsel, that does not know as much law, as a Kerry peasant ? Could a dumb man be your successor, as agitator general ? Could a man of truth, be your successor in advancing the most barefaced, public and monstrous falsehoods, that ever disgraced any public character, since politics first became a trade ? To assert, that the priests of Rome, are the successors of the Apostles, is the same kind of solecism, as if a barber, on removing into the house previously occupied by a hardware merchant, or a tailor into that of a gun smith, announced by a flaming sign board, that the one was successor to the other. True ! he is successor in the occupation of the premises, but nothing more ; and so error, in the Church of Rome, succeeded the truth of primitive christianity, seized upon its property, occupied its place, called itself by its name, usurped its authority, abused its patronage, mared its work, impeded its prosperity, trampled upon its claims, and crushed its followers. Here is your succession ; a succession of darkness following light—of ignorance and wickedness coming after knowledge and holiness. 3. What are the *effects* of Apostolic succession ? The conversion of sinners to God, the spread of true religion, and a diffusion of the Word of God, the overthrow of idolatry, the exercise of the right of private judgment, free enquiry, rational investigation, and the establishment of Christ's kingdom, by a progressive destruction of false religion, and yours of course among the rest. Here are the effects of true Apostolical succession. These followed the preaching of Wickliffe, Luther, and the English Reformers. These attended the ministry of Wesley and Whitfield, and their followers ; and they are resulting from the united ministrations of the various protestant sections of the Church of Christ, who hold him to be the head, as, " God over all blessed for ever." When, were these effects produced in your Church ? Not, since she became apostate from the faith. Talk then about Apostolic succession ! You braved the Wesleyans to this point. What have you now gained by it ? Antichrist can have no succession from Christ. That is as plain as any mathematical axiom. To support your Church, therefore, is to support Antichrist. The protestant statesman, so called, who does so, must be an infidel in disguise. The man, who

gives her voluntary support, is blind, and abuses the property of God ; but he, who would give her public patronage and support, is guilty of a national sin, sets a bad example to the world, betrays the cause of protestantism, robs Christ of his property, gives it to his enemies, countenances all the former iniquity of the Church of Rome, prevents the extension of Christ's kingdom on earth, and becomes a public enemy to the conversion of the world. Not so, in relation to the Established Church. She is pure in her fundamental principles, scriptural in her articles or creed, simply sublime in her worship, and catholic in her spirit. While she adheres to the one article, now specially noticed ; the " blasphemous fable and dangerous deceit" of the mass, cannot overturn her. God will not permit it. In a mere, moral contention, she must prevail ; and should you, Sir, to gratify your ambition and exalt your religion, drive your followers into rebellion, under pretence of loyalty to the throne, Babylon, with all her pride and violence, shall fall by a strong hand ; and in these countries, never more be found at all, either, in a civil, or religious state of being. So much now, for the sacrifice of the mass, and the various associations, which accompany it.

II. Now, Sir, before we part, at present, permit me to have a few rather pleasing words with you, about the *ceremonies* and *accompaniments* of the *mass*, and a few very solemn ones, about *its worship*. To commence with the *dress* of a pope, bishop, or priest, is it not to say the least, a little fantastical ? Your Church explains it thus. The *Amice*, or linen veil, which he first puts on, represents the covering put on Christ's face in the house of Caiaphas—the *Albe*, signifies the garment put upon him by Herod—the *Girdle*, the cord that bound him in the garden—the *Maniple*, the one which bound him to the pillar—the *Stole*, the one whereby, he was led to be crucified—the priest's upper *Vestment*, indicates the seamless coat, and the purple robe put on him by Pilate. The mass, according to this, is a curious, tragical, and pious, theatrical representation of the crucifixion, in which, the Priest is the chief actor. He is dressed like Christ, and he acts like him. Hence, his coming back three steps from the altar, and humbling himself before he begins, is intended to signify the prostration of Christ in the garden. Alas ! however, there is confusion, and a want of unity in the action of the drama. For, if the wafer be Christ himself, he can require no representation, as he is truly present. The very actings of the priest, therefore, contradict the real presence, and as the one is a mere sham or shew, so is the other. It unfortunately happens, in relation to this unfortunate Church of yours, Mr. O'Connell, that the Heathen Priests, from the time of Numa Pompilius, dressed and acted in the same manner. This is proved at large, in Meagher's book on the Popish Mass. Besides, we have no account in the New Testament, of the Apostles and primitive preachers, either saying mass, or dressing in such a ludicrous style. Let, me now ask, why do you use *lamps* or *candles* ? Mass must be celebrated in the forenoon. Surely the sun is then up ; and there is no necessity for those tapers. The Priest and the people don't require them, for, they have day light. The wafer god, does not need them ; for, it has no eyes. The God of Heaven sees, as well without them, as with them. The ancient Persians worshipped fire, do you wish to keep up a remnant of their religion, in conjunction with many others ? Pray, Sir, can you explain, the

origin and benefit of *holy water* ? It is said, to be very good for keeping away the fairies, driving off that incubus—the night mare, preventing blights, curing diseases, killing rats, mice and weasels. Many a sprinkling you got of it. Has it driven the evil spirit out of you ? The Heathens considered this *aqua lustralis*, as an expiation of their sins, especially *lies* and *perjury*. You should always carry a bottle of it along with you. No man requires it more. I can never forget your lie about John Wesley and the Protestant Association ; it was not worse, however, than your assertion, that 100 Irish constables kept the peace in Newport, during the insurrection of the Chartists. Not one Irishman was among the Constables. What a pity you did not get a little sprinkling of holy water, immediately after inventing that fiction, for it might have saved you the necessity and expense of an additional confession. Why do your priests use *incense* ? Do they wish to pass for Jewish, as well as, Christian priests ? To whom is it offered ? Not to the people ; they may see it smoke and smell it, but that is all. Not to the God of heaven ; for he neither commands, nor accepts of it under the present dispensation. It must then be presented to the Host ; but why do so, when this *deity* has *no nose* ? Again, Why is the mass celebrated in an *unknown tongue* ? Do the people understand Latin ? If not ; what benefit do they derive ? It is a mere pantomime, unscriptural and absurd. What is it better than the Irvingite's fanaticism, venting itself in unknown tongues ? The poor Irish say, the mass is celebrated in this manner, " because the Devil does not understand Latin." Father M'Guire himself, could not advance a better reason. We may infer, however, that the wafer after consecration understands it ; and hence, it must be very quick in its apprehension ; and for a thing, without understanding, memory, or one of the five senses to become an adept in learning, and a god in divinity, in such a short period, is truly marvellous indeed ! Your religion, Mr. O'Connell, is very like yourself, an odd kind of medley.

Now, in conclusion, Sir, is the worship of the Host idolatrous or not ? It stands now stripped of every attribute of divinity, and in reason's eye, it is but bread, and nothing more. Even to imagine it to be Christ, is sinful ; and to worship it is worse. Reflect on these words—" Thou shalt not make unto thyself any graven image, or the likeness of anything in heaven above : or in the earth beneath. Thou shalt not bow down to it nor worship it." This is the word of God ; and the mass is a violation of it.

I am, &c.,

Cork, January 11, 1840.

DANIEL M'AFEE.

BABYLON FALLEN.*

DEDICATED TO DANIEL O'CONNELL, Esq. M. P.

Fallen is mighty BABYLON !
 Her titles and estates are gone.
 Her temples, palaces, and towers,
 Stern desolation now devours.
 Her chariots, horses, men of power
 Shall tread her battle fields no more.
 Like Sodom, in one hour her name
 Was blotted from the list of fame.

Lo ! on a Beast of Blasphemy
 She stately sat, a Queen was she !
 Intoxicated with the blood
 Of the most precious Saints of Gon.
 In purple and in scarlet robe
 She seemed as mistress of the globe,
 Adorned with pearls and precious stones,
 And trinkets made of Martyrs' bones.

Upon her forehead, stamped with blood,
 Her magic name conspicuous stood,
 "MOTHER OF HARLOTS"—gay and grave—
 Of all whom Popish vows enslave—
 Of every foul "ABOMINATION"
 In every age and every nation—
 Since Boniface the Third was known
 To sit upon the Papal throne.

Emblem of her alluring arts,
 Bewitching unenlightened hearts,
 A chalice framed of purest gold,
 Filled with the firtres which she sold,
 She held, and bade the nations drink,
 While millions not inured to think
 Quaffed of the mixture, and became
 Defenders of her sin and shame.

She, in a gloomy, leaden hour,
 Trampled on kings, and mocked their power.
 Some held her stirrup as she rose,
 While others basely kissed her toes ;
 And as for Britain's far-fam'd crown
 She hurled it from the head of JOHN,
 Till trembling on his bended knees,
 He swore her Ladyship to please.

* See Revelation, chaps. xvii. and xviii., Isaiah. xiii. Jeremiah.
 l. and li.

Meanwhile her vile, inventive mind,
Devised communion in one kind,
And taught her priests the magic trade
Of making HIM, who all things made ;
For o'er a piece of parched paste,
Enrob'd she stood, and cried "*Hoc est*
"*Corpus meum*—behold 'tis he !
" Soul, body, blood, divinity."

This great enchantress, in her pride,
Proclaim'd herself the Saviour's bride,
Seiz'd PETER's chair, and stole his keys,
And sat *infallibly* at ease,
Cursing all men on earth who dwell
Down to the lowest shades of hell
Who dare to doubt or thwart her word,
However wicked or absurd.

To shew that she alone was wise,
She bade her votaries close their eyes ;
And moved them by her magic call,
Like puppets strung around a wall.
She made them worship wood and stone,
And pray to ghosts and saints unknown,
And caused their blinded hearts to dread
False apparitions of the dead.

With juggling, necromantic art,
On earth's wide stage she played her part.
Processions—holy raree-shows,
Up at her secret touch arose,
While painted, purgatorial fires
Blazed round the late departed sires,
And led their trembling sons to pay
For Masses till the judgment day.

Parent of carnal institutions,
Confessionals and absolutions,
A vast insurance office she
Established for iniquity.
Enclosed she sat, and waved her keys,
While bankrupt sinners at her knees
Unrolled their lengthening list of sin,
And paid the usual premium in.

At length, in madness, guilt and pride,
Casting all past restraint aside,
Indulgences for sin she sold,
And bartered Heaven itself for gold ;
Yet, still she feasted, drank and sang,
And still her joy-bells loudly rang,
And still she revelled in her hall,
Nor dreamed that she was doomed to fall.

But, lo ! a potent angel came,
 And, stretching forth his wings of flame,
 The earth was lightened with his rays,
 And Rome stood trembling in amaze.
 Then, LUTHER raised his mighty voice,
 And bade the heavens and earth rejoice ;
 " Fallen is BABYLON ! " he cried,
 With all her trumpery and pride.

Since that bright day of Reformation,
 She long became the habitation
 Of screech-owls—night birds still complaining—
 Of jesuits skilled in plots and training—
 Of satyrs grim and doleful creatures—
 Of priests with gaunt and rueful features—
 Roaming through bogs and mountain glens,
 And doling masses in their dens.

Three hundred years had scarcely past,
 When, lo ! another beast at last
 Rose from an Abbey near the main,
 A fitting place ! called Derrynane.
 On that romantic, ruthless shore,
 Where the Atlantic waters roar,
 The pirate Monks amidst the foam
 First found and brought the creature home.

Soon as he grew to beastly prime,
 They sent him forth in fitting time ;
 Praying that he might never lack,
 They tied their pouches on his back ;
 Placed the big O' ! before his name
 That men might marvel at his fame,
 While he revived the ancient power
 Which would the nations all devour.

Oft like the lamb he mildly spoke,
 Enticing thousands to his yoke ;
 Then, like the dragon in his ire,
 Would vomit smoke and streams of fire—
 Blacken and scorch both Church and State,
 And stamp, and rage, and mock and hate
 All who had hearts to understand,
 And spurned to bear his Popish brand.

High was his head and long his tail,
 Clad in the first beast's coat of mail—
 King of the proud and wicked—he
 Would never bend his scaly knee,
 Unless, when Rome came forth, to ride,
 And shew herself in purple pride.
 Then, in the miry street he'd fall,
 To lift her ladyship withal.

With massy bit of Irish mould,
 She filled his mouth—'twas purest gold ;
 But when 'twas empty, he would roar—
 Bellow his vast exploits once more—
 Sing softening strains of liberty,
 " Ye bondsmen, all who would be free,
 " Themselves must strike the mighty blow,"
 And conquering, on to conquer go.

Securely now, she rode anew,
 And flaunted in her scarlet hue,
 And made her boast from sea to sea,
 " A mighty Queen again I'll be !
 I will regain my ancient strength,
 And burn the heretics at length,
 Or make them swallow and adore
 The *host*, which they despised before."

Now on she galloped at full speed,
 Heedless of what high heaven decreed,
 That in her tumult she should fall,
 And " never more be found at all,"
 In one fell moment came her doom,
 For, stumbling on JOHN WESLEY's tomb,
 She broke her neck and killed the beast,
 And left the fowls of heaven a feast.

Where is she now ? ye martyrs say,
 And hail this grand millennial day !
 The very ground on which she trod,
 Is consecrated now to God,
 The splendid temples which she built,
 Fruit of ambition, craft and guilt,
 Are houses now of praise and prayer,
 While God *alone* is worshipped there.

Where is she now ? ye happy saints,
 Who long have uttered vain complaints—
 Ye clergy, landlords, merchants tell,
 For to your cost ye knew her well,
 Her combinations now are gone—
 Her agitations all are done ;
 Nor shall her blighting whirlwinds more
 Produce confusion and uproar.

Fallen is Babylon the Great !
 And with her, seornful pride and hate :
 While tumult, perjury and crime
 No more pollute this happy clime.
 Her mighty champions—men of fame,
 Have sunk in silence and in shame :
 Their bubbling names, fled like a dream,
 No longer float on memory's stream.

Now, all in heaven and earth combine,
 Holy Apostles and Prophets join—
 Parents and children—Church and State,
 To triumph at great Babylon's fate ;
 Her vile confessional no more
 The family secrets shall explore ;
 Nor shall our mountains, plains and glens,
 Display the blight of PETER DENS.

Now railroads, mines, and ports of trade,
 A source of wealth are jointly made,
 While Erin sings for joy that she
 Is from her withering breath made free.
 The Shannon, Liffey, BOYNE, and Foyle,
 Flow gladly through their ancient soil,
 And in their streams have borne away
 The idols of a former day.

No more the Bible shall she burn,
 Or bury it with unholy scorn—
 No more corrupt old age and youth
 By vain traditions void of truth.
 Her mystic masses are no more,
 In unknown tongue, now mumbled o'er ;
 Her purgatorial fire is dead,
 And no more kindles fancied dread.

Her candles and her tapers fine
 No longer gild the altar's shrine,
 Nor mock the parent of mankind,
 As if, in sun-shine, he were blind.
 The bridegroom and the bride no more
 Shall at her altar steps implore
 A wifeless priest to tie a band
 Forbade to him by her command.

Relics shall now no more be sold,
 Nor souls be auctioned out for gold :
 Her pedlars and their stalls are gone,
 And holy trinkets are unknown.
 Her craftsmen all have failed to frame
 An image with a Christain name,
 Her millstone now has ceased to sound,
 And wheaten gods no more are ground.

Her mirth is hushed, her music fled,
 Her Popes and piping Priests are dead.
 Her organs, fiddles, flutes are all
 Untuned and dead to music's call.
 Her Jewish trump of jubilee
 Shall sound no more from sea to sea ;
 Nor shall one votary every go
 To Rome again to kiss her toe.

Queen of the earth ! In Erin's isle
 How thou didst tyrannise awhile ;
 Doom it to barren hills and plains,
 And hold its peasantry in chains.
 Dazzle their sense and make them bow,
 And tremble 'neath thy frowning brow,
 And count their beads, and pay their dues,
 And curse them if they dared refuse !

Where ? where is now the altar-stone,
 Priest, censor, incense ?—all are gone.
 Cows, frocks, and albs are thrown aside,
 And rites performed in ghostly pride.
 Crosses and sacred trees and wells,
 Rosaries, pictures, baptised bells,
 And holy water, oil, and bone
 Are all forgotten and unknown.

Fallen is Babylon and dead !
 Earth, from her weighty curse now freed,
 Heaves in its mighty orb no more,
 But lightly runs its journey o'er.
 Truth, peace and unity prevail,
 While all men wonder at her tale ;
 But none can scan the mystery
 Why God ere suffered her to be.

Cork, August 28. 1839.

DANIEL M'AFEE.

